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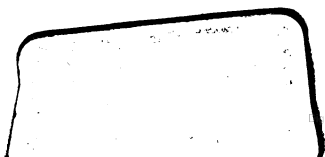
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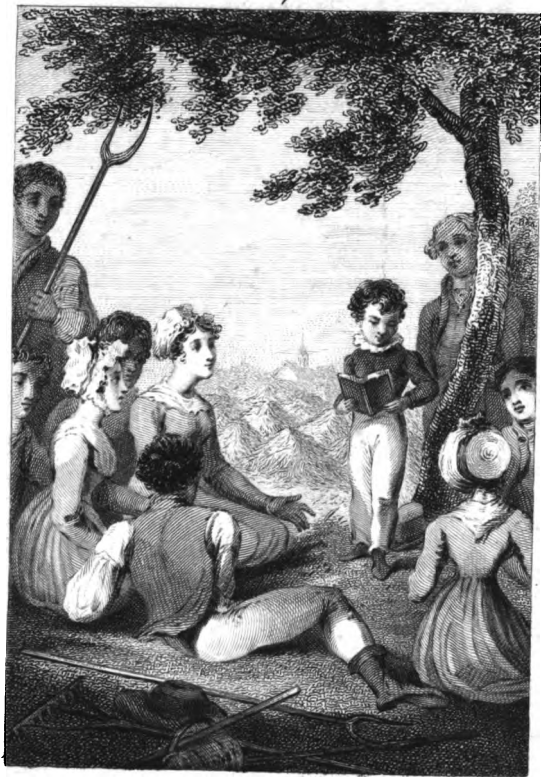
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Frontispiece



HENRY READING TO THE HAY MAKERS

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THE
HISTORY

OF

HENRY MILNER,

A LITTLE BOY,

WHO WAS NOT BROUGHT UP ACCORDING TO
THE FASHIONS OF THIS WORLD.



BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"The History of the Fairchild Family," "Little Henry and his
Bearer," "Orphans of Normandy," &c. &c.

(Part I)

THE SECOND EDITION.

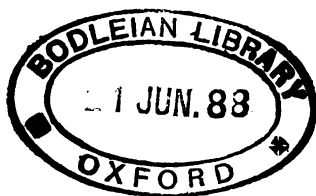


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THE HISTORY

OF

HENRY MILNER.

CHAP. I.

WE have many histories of little boys, who being brought up according to the fashions of this world, have made themselves great and clever men, and have obtained riches and rewards in this life. I am now going to tell you the history of a little boy who was never taught any thing of the fashions or ways of this world, but was accustomed quite from the time of his babyhood, to think only of pleasing God and making himself such as the Lord loves.

His teachers were holy and humble people, and God blessed their instructions, for they trusted in his promises, and were not confounded. They believed in the Lord, neither did they turn aside from his commandments to give worldly instruc-

tion to their little pupil, or to endeavour to make him wise for this world as well as for the next.

HENRY MILNER, for that was the name of the little boy whose history I am about to relate to you, lost his mother whilst he was a very little baby, and before he was quite four years of age he was also deprived of his last surviving parent.

Mr. Milner, the father of Henry, was descended from a noble family; but, as he was a younger child, and had many brothers and sisters, he had never been a rich man, and had only two thousand pounds to leave his little boy, which indeed was quite enough to provide for his education and comfort as a little boy, and to help him to get on in life as he got older.

When Mr. Milner felt himself near death he sent for his tutor, a certain elderly and respectable clergyman of the name of Dalben, of whose manner of living I shall give you an account by and by; and when Mr. Dalben arrived he entered with him into the following discourse: "You see me, my beloved tutor, lying on my death-bed, and about to depart to that dear Saviour, whom you first (with the divine blessing) taught me to love and serve. To you, my dear Sir, under God, and to your simple and holy instructions, I have owed all the happiness I have en-

joyed on earth, and all the joy I now have in the prospect of death ; and if you will grant me one favour, the last I shall ever ask you, you will remove the only subject of regret which remains to me on leaving this world."

Mr. Dalben replied, " Give not the glory to me, my dear pupil ; for, though it has pleased God in some degree to bless my labours with respect to you, yet the best that can be said of me is, that I am an unprofitable servant, and one who has done his Lord's work with a cold and unbelieving heart. But to wave this matter ; what, my son, is your request ? if it is in any way in my power to grant it, be assured you shall not meet with a denial."

In answer to this the dying man extended his pale cold hand, and rung a bell, which was soon answered by a decent maid-servant, bringing in a little boy between three and four years of age. This child was dressed in a white frock and muslin cap, having ringlets of fair hair peeping out from under the cap and falling upon his neck. This was little Henry Milner, who, at the sight of his father, used all those expressions of animated joy with which children commonly serve themselves ere yet they have acquired the full use of words, whereby to convey their ideas.

The infant sprung from the arms of his nurse

upon his father's bed, and put up his blooming mouth to kiss the pale lips of his beloved parent.

The eyes of the poor father filled with tears, and turning to Mr. Dalben he said, "Can you love this little boy? could you take him to your heart, and make him your own son?"

"I understand you, my friend," said Mr. Dalben; "and unworthy as I feel of the charge, yet, if it is your settled wish, upon mature reflection, to leave your child under my care, knowing me as you do, and all my ways and modes of thinking, I will accept the pledge; but consider well, if you have not already done so, that if I receive the dear boy, I shall not bring him up according to any of the received opinions or customs of the world."

"The *world*," repeated Mr. Milner, with warmth; "what is the world to a poor dying man like me? I thank God, that through your instructions, and the views you early gave me of its emptiness and vanity, and of all its destructive tendencies, it never had the charms for me which it has for other young people less simply educated; but never, never did it appear of so little importance as it does at this moment; and I would rather look forward to seeing my beloved child a humble servant of God, in the lowest situation in life, than the first monarch upon earth. Take

him therefore, my dear friend, as the last pledge of love from your old and highly favoured pupil Henry Milner.—Bring him up in your own simple way; talk to him, and give him the same kind of instruction as you gave to me, and all my wishes on his account will be fulfilled.”

“We were very happy indeed,” said Mr. Dalben, “my dear pupil, when we lived together in my little cottage; and if the Lord would assist me in my care of your dear boy, it would, I think, make up to me almost what I shall lose in his father. But, dear Henry Milner, beloved pupil and son of my heart, may I not hope that you may yet be spared to us?”

“No,” said Mr. Milner; “no, I neither expect nor wish for a prolongation of life: I am fully persuaded that I must soon die; therefore, my dear friend, set not your heart upon me; but love my little son, and for his sake recall to mind the days of my youth and the sweet instructions you used to give me.

“Do you remember, my dear tutor, the conversations we used to have upon the subject of those blessed days when Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth? How you used to tell me, when speaking of the glory of the ancient kings and heroes of the earth, and the vaunted conquerors

of Greece and Rome, that this was a false and deceitful glory, and would be as much excelled by the glory of the kingdom of Christ upon earth, as the brightness of the sun exceeds that of a blazing flambeau? Do you recollect how many questions I used to put to you on these subjects, and how you used to take the Bible and point out to me those passages which refer to this glorious time, when the trees of the field shall yield their fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, when springs shall burst forth in the desert place, and brooks of water in the ~~thirsty~~ land; and you used to describe to me at those times what would be the beautiful and holy deportment of the children of the Blessed One in those happy days in terms so warm and animated, that whilst I listened I often felt my young imagination, as it were, take fire, and every feeling of my heart engaged in the desire of promoting, as much as in me lay, the advancement of this kingdom upon earth?

“ Ah ! my friend, whilst other tutors and instructors of youth are engaged in filling the minds of their pupils with precepts of worldly wisdom and worldly glory, you were continually employed in representing to me such views of true peace and true glory as were never yet verified on earth; insomuch so, that, with the

divine blessing, my young heart was quite filled with these images; and I felt, whilst yet a boy, a more ardent zeal for the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth, than ever Spartan or Roman youth for the honour of his country, or the fame of his native city."

Mr. Dalben smiled, but there was a mixture of tender grief in the expression of his countenance as his pupil thus proceeded:

"I remember that you used to say to me, 'Dear Henry Milner, what sort of little boys are those who will be admitted into the kingdom of Christ on earth, and who will be allowed to play upon the hills of the Millennium; not indeed such little boys as we now see; children with sinful, proud, and ambitious hearts; but holy children who have received new hearts, and been made white in the blood of the Lamb, have been justified, regenerated, sanctified, and are at length admitted into glory—such little boys as these will play on the high hills of the Millennium.'"

"My dear pupil," said Mr. Dalben, "I fear you will exhaust yourself by speaking so much."

"No, no," returned Mr. Milner with animation: "in promising to take my boy you have added, I think, some days to my life, and enabled me to look back on the sweet period of my childhood with renewed delight; inasmuch as I now

dare to hope for the same holy and simple instructions for my son, as those on which I now dwell with such inexpressible delight. My beloved tutor, whilst under your care, I was as happy as a sinful child of Adam could possibly be whilst carrying about with him a body of sin; and though indeed, after I left you, and mixed with the world, I lost much of my peace of mind, He who undoubtedly willed my salvation ere yet the spirit of life was breathed into my nostrils, soon found means to recall me to himself, and will assuredly, in a very short time, make me blessed in his presence for evermore; for I have been enabled to place my confidence in him, and who ever trusted in him and was confounded?"

Now, as I have made my first chapter somewhat long, and as it contains some matters rather difficult for little boys to understand, I shall conclude it in a few words by saying, that Mr. Dalben stayed with his dear pupil not only till he died, but until he had seen his remains placed in the grave; after which, he hired a chaise, and taking little Henry Milner on his lap, began his journey towards his own home.

CHAP. II.

Containing an Account of Mr. Dalben's House and his Servants ; also a Description of his Dog and Cat, with certain other important Particulars.

MR. Dalben's house was situated in Worcestershire between the Malvern Hills and the valley of the Teme, so that those who approached the house from the other side of the river saw the hills towering majestically above the house, and a grove of trees which grew at the back of it. The house itself stood in a very neat and beautiful garden, abounding not only with vegetables and fruit, but also with many fair shrubs and flowers; amongst which several neat gravel walks went winding about, sometimes being in sight from the house, and sometimes being quite hid from the windows by the trees and shrubs.

The house was a very old one, even in Mr. Dalben's time; and I have been told by those who have lately visited that country; that it is now quite gone to ruin.

It was, however, a lovely and comfortable

abode as could possibly be when the old gentleman lived therein. It was laid out in a little hall or vestibule, on one side of which was the kitchen, and on the other the old gentleman's study, a handsome large room, which took up one whole side of the house. The kitchen window, which was a very large one, looked towards the front of the house, and commanded a fine view down the valley of Teme: but the window of the study opened the other way, and from hence the heights of Malvern were seen, lifting themselves above the trees in the garden and grove beyond. This study, which was as much as twenty-five feet in length, contained certain large book-cases, in which Mr. Dalben's books were placed in the neatest order: the floor was covered with a Turkey carpet; a bright mahogany table stood before the fire, and another in the bow-window; in which last place Mr. Dalben used to sit in warm weather. There was in this room a very comfortable sofa, and a warm rug lay before the fire-place; which last piece of furniture I particularly mention, because it was on this rug that the old cat used to take her place in a wintry evening, and where she not unfrequently spent her night.

On the inner side of this study was a large light closet, where Mr. Dalben used to keep his papers and such of his books as were not clothed

in a handsome binding; and here he was so kind as to allow Henry Milner, when he was about six years of age, to keep a certain bag of rubbish which the little boy prized not a little, though it contained nothing but a few sticks and nails, some bits of string and seraps of paper, a bundle of penny pictures, and a clasp knife which would not cut.

But I shall not say much about this bag in this place, lest I should forget the proper subject of this chapter; which is, to describe Mr. Dalben's house, his servants, and his cat and dog.

Over the study, which I dare say you have now got in your eye, was the old gentleman's sleeping-room, and over the closet was another small apartment, in which a little bed was put for Henry Milner, though he did not begin to sleep in it till the day when he was five years old, because, till that time, it was thought necessary that he should sleep in the room with Mrs. Kitty, whom I shall speak of by and by.

Behind the kitchen was a brewhouse and poultry-yard, and a large barn, with lofts above, every corner of which Henry Milner was well acquainted with, when he got to an age to go about by himself; and here also was a kennel for Lion the great black dog, who, though he

looked very fierce, and would sometimes make a terrible noise when he saw any thing he did not like, was nevertheless a very good-natured creature.

Mr. Dalben kept three servants; namely, Mrs. Kitty the housekeeper, who, though sometimes rather cross, was very honest and attentive to her master, having lived with him more than twenty years; Thomas the gardener, and Sally the cook and dairy-maid. Thomas was as old as Mrs. Kitty, and knew every flower and tree in the garden as well as you know A, B, C; but Sally was young, and often made Mrs. Kitty angry by looking out of the window when she ought to have been at her work.

And now I think that I have but one inhabitant of the family to make you acquainted with, and that is Muff the cat: she was called Muff, because a lady brought her, when she was a kitten, to Mr. Dalben's in her muff.

Muff was a tortoiseshell cat, and would have been very handsome, only that she had had the misfortune to lose one eye in a battle with a large rat; and you must be sensible that the loss of an eye is no great advantage to a cat, any more than it would be to you. However, we must consider, what a very good thing it is that Providence has given two eyes to most creatures; so that, although

we should lose one eye, we still shall have another to use, which would not be the case if we were born with but one eye, even if that eye were ever so large or handsome.

And now, having fulfilled my promise, I shall finish my chapter.

CHAP. III.

The Arrival of little Henry Milner, and the dreadful Alarm which took place some Days afterwards.

IT was five o'clock on a fine evening in autumn, and Mrs. Kitty, who knew when to expect her master, had lighted a good fire in the study, and set the tea-things in order, for she knew that her master always liked tea better than any thing else after a journey, when the carriage drove up to the door, containing the good old gentleman with his little adopted son asleep on his knees.

Mrs. Kitty and Sally immediately hastened out to the door, and Thomas came running from a distant part of the garden at the sound of the carriage.

Thomas bowed his head as he opened the carriage; and Mr. Dalben, addressing Kitty, said, "Take this little man as gently as you can, and lay him on the sofa, if possible, without waking him."

"O the little darling! the little fair one!" said Mrs. Kitty; "so like his dear papa! a thou-

and blessings rest upon him!"—"Gently, gently, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben; "there now you have him. Lay him on the sofa, where he can see me when he wakes; for my old face is the only one which the poor infant can now tolerate." So saying, the old gentleman accompanied his housekeeper into the parlour, followed by Thomas and Sally; which last made an errand into the parlour to have a farther view of the little sleeper.

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Dalben: "there, that will do. And now how are you all? and how are the neighbours? All well; very good: the Lord be praised for all mercies!"

"Poor Mr. Milner, Sir!" said Mrs. Kitty, as she put some water in the tea-pot: "I hope, Sir, he went off happy, he went off trusting in his Saviour's merits."—"Kitty," returned Mr. Dalben, "he is now at rest; we might almost wish we were with him."—"He was a sweet little boy," said Mrs. Kitty, "and that little darling there is the very picture of him." So saying, she gave another kind look at the child, and walked out of the room.

In the mean time Mr. Dalben poured out his tea and took a piece of a white loaf to soak in milk for the child, looking at him from time to time, his tender and pious heart being filled with thankfulness for the blessed death of the father,

and lifted up in prayer for the divine assistance, in order that he might be enabled to fulfil his duty towards the son.

Whilst employed in these meditations, little Henry Milner opened his eyes; his first motion was to cry, finding all around him strange and new; but, as he explored the whole apartment with his eager gaze, his eye at length rested on the face of his old friend, on which a lovely smile lighted up his whole face, and he extended both his little arms towards him.

Mr. Dalben instantly got up and took him on his knee, feeding him with his own hands, and speaking to him in a manner the most tender, pointing out to him the cat, who was asleep upon the rug, and certain other objects in the room which he thought most suitable to his taste. After a while the little boy began again to feel the fatigue of his journey, and was, in consequence, conveyed to his bed in Mrs. Kitty's room.

The next morning he was brought down to breakfast with his kind old friend, whom he was taught to call uncle; after which he was allowed to play in the study, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mrs. Kitty, who said that she feared Master Henry would prove very troublesome to her master, who was used to be so very quiet: "and then, Sir," she said, "the little

gentleman has no playthings to amuse himself withal."

"Well then, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben, "in default of these send Thomas to the carpenter's shop, and bring from thence any little square or oblong bits of deal which may chance to be lying on the floor; and do you, Kitty, clear out one of those cupboards under the book-cases, in order that the empty cupboard may form a repository for these treasures." Mrs. Kitty marvelled, but said nothing in the parlour, though, when she went out into the kitchen to send Thomas to the carpenter, she ventured to remark, that she had never seen her master put himself so much out of the way before; "for you know, Thomas, he was always particular about the study carpet, and now he is going to have all manner of rubbish brought in to litter the room: surely, Sally, if little master is to play upon the best carpet, he ought to have some genteeler toys than a parcel of bits of wood which are good for nothing but to light the oven." In this manner Mrs. Kitty vented her indignation, till Thomas returned with the bits of deal, which she ordered Sally to carry into the parlour in her apron.

In the mean time Mr. Dalben had emptied one of the cupboards in question, carrying the books and papers which it had contained, to his

light closet; and Henry also made himself busy on the occasion, and was mightily pleased when Sally brought in the bits of deal, and Mr. Dalben made him understand that they were all to be his own, and that he was to have the cupboard to keep them in.

Mr. Dalben studied, as his custom was, till twelve o'clock, and Henry played during that time in the room; at twelve he walked out, and took the little boy with him: they returned about two, and Henry dined with Mr. Dalben; being seated opposite to his uncle on a large arm-chair, on which the sofa cushion had been placed, to form a seat of a convenient height for him.

Mr. Dalben himself always lived plainly; but he took care to give of the simplest food at the table to the little boy. After dinner Mr. Dalben went out to see some poor neighbours; and as Henry was too young to accompany him, he was allowed, during the interval, to visit Mrs. Kitty on her side of the house.

Before tea Mr. Dalben and Henry met again; and whilst the tea-things were preparing, Mr. Dalben took Henry on his lap, and told him a story, and talked to him a little about his Creator. After tea Henry was made to say his prayers, and he then went to bed. Thus his first day

passed, and several of the following days under the roof of his kind uncle: but when he had been about a week in Mr. Dalben's house, an accident happened, of which I am now about to give you an account.

One morning after breakfast, Mr. Dalben being busy writing letters, and Henry playing at his cupboard, the little boy having spread all his treasure on the floor, and seeing his cupboard quite empty, took it into his head to try whether there was not room enough within for such a little body as himself; he accordingly probably first put in his head and then one foot and then another, and finding abundance of room, he pulled the door nearly to, and stretching himself out along the floor, fell fast asleep. In the mean time a gentleman came to the door of the house on horseback, and asked to speak to Mr. Dalben, who for a moment forgetting little Henry, walked out into the hall, and stood there some minutes talking to the stranger. When returning to his study he thought of the child, and not seeing him in any part of the room, he ran out hastily into the kitchen to ask the servants if they had seen Henry. They all answered, that they had not. Whereupon Mr. Dalben, followed by the rest of the family, ran back into the parlour, but no little Henry Milner was to be seen,

though they went into the closet and looked under the sofa. They were by this time much alarmed, and ran out of the parlour faster than they had come in ; and when they got into the hall, one took one way, and one another. Thomas ran out into the garden, Mrs. Kitty hurried up stairs, Mr. Dalben descended into the cellar, and Sally ran into the kitchen and brewhouse, where she gave alarm to an old woman, who was busy washing little Henry's frock ; and while Sally examined every hole and corner in the offices within door, the old woman ran to the pig-sty, into the barn, into the shoe-hole, and into the coal-hole, calling as loud as she could, " Master Henry ! Master Henry ! dear little rogue, I hope no harm is come to him ! "

Whilst the family were in this confusion, one running one way and one another, every body calling and nobody answering, and every one becoming more and more frightened every minute, little Henry was enjoying a very delightful rest at the bottom of his cupboard ; and I know not how long he might have lain there, perhaps till night, if the whole family, having searched in vain in every possible direction, had not returned again to the parlour ; and there, whilst they were examining every odd corner, Sally opened the cupboard, and set up such a cry of joy, that

Henry began to stir and rub his eyes, and was not a little surprised to see his uncle, Mrs. Kitty, Thomas, Sally, and the washerwoman, all gathered together round the door of his house, as he afterwards called his cupboard.

“O you little rogue!” said Mrs. Kitty; “how you have frightened us all! who would have thought of your being in the cupboard?”

“Why, we might all have thought of it,” said Mr. Dalben, “if we had thought at all, and not put ourselves into such a fright: however, I am very thankful that our alarm is thus removed. And now, my little man, come out of your hole: you will live, I feel assured, to thank your foolish friends for all the cares, whether wise or simple, which they have had on your account.” So the little boy got up and came out, and having thanked every one, for what he could not tell, all departed to their own place, and thus terminated this dreadful alarm.

CHAP. IV.

In this Chapter an Account is given of Henry's fifth Year, and of what he learnt in that Year, with certain other curious Particulars.

Soon after little Henry Milner arrived at Mr. Dalben's, his birthday happened, at which time he became completely four years of age.

At this period he could speak very plainly, and would walk and run as well and as far as most little boys of his age. Through the precautions of his kind uncle and Mrs. Kitty, he knew no naughty words and naughty tricks; notwithstanding which, like all little children, who have not yet received new hearts, he was full of evil inclinations which he showed in many ways. I shall point out presently these ways, in which he showed his evil tempers; but before I do this, I will explain to you what I mean by saying that all little children who have not received new hearts are full of evil inclinations. All little children who have been born in England, and have lived a few years in this Chris-

tian country, must have heard this solemn and important truth ; that there is only one God, and that he is holy and just, and never does evil, but hates sin and loves goodness. This great and mighty God made all things ; he created the sun and the stars, and all the worlds, to which the light of these heavenly bodies extends throughout the universe. And this we understand from many verses in the Bible, some of which I shall bring forwards in this place. “ The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy works. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God. He made the stars also.”

It is now nearly five thousand eight hundred years, according to our best reckonings, since the Lord created the world in which we live. You have often undoubtedly heard of the first man and woman made by God. These our first parents were made without sin, pure, and holy, and upright, and blameless in the sight of their God : but that wicked spirit, to wit, the devil or Satan, tempted them to depart from God, by eating of the tree of which God forbade them to taste. And thus they introduced sin and death into the world ; the consequence of which was, that from that time every child born of the family of Adam is utterly corrupt from his birth.

and not able in himself to think one single good thought. I could bring forward verses without end from the Bible to prove this doctrine of man's utter depravity. "There is not a just man on earth, that doeth good and sinneth not. Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually. There is no health in us. The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." These are some of the many verses in the Bible which prove the entire corruption of our nature.

But one would think we need not go to the Bible to be convinced of this. We can hardly walk out into the streets without meeting with wicked children, or bad men and women, who swear and use dreadful words; and if we look into our own hearts, we shall see even worse things than these; we shall find wicked thoughts, anger, idleness, covetousness, malice, foolishness, with many other abominations which I have not time to tell. This being the case, and man's heart being naturally so, we are told that it is necessary for us to have new hearts and new natures: this new nature, which is the gift of God, is called in Scripture being born again; but as I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject by and by, I will say no more upon it at this time; but will return to little Henry

Milner; who, as I said before, though he knew no naughty words, showed in many ways when he was but in his fifth year, that his nature was corrupt, and that he, like other children, stood in need both of spiritual and bodily chastisement.

One day, when Muff had offended him by getting into his cupboard, he went in a great passion, and collected all his bits of deal in his frock, and threw them in over Muff, saying, "You naughty cat, you frightful cat, I hate you, that I do."

He also often showed a great deal of ill temper when Mr. Dalben called him to read. He would not for many days say the letter F. His uncle bought him a set of ivory letters, and used to lay them on the floor at the farthest end of the room, and direct him to bring him each letter as he called for it; but if Mr. Dalben chanced to call for F, he would bring every letter in the alphabet first, and leave that to the very last: and one day he was so naughty about it, that he would not bring it at all, till his uncle got up to see if it was there, and actually found it lying by itself on the carpet. "There it is, Henry," he said; "pick it up, and carry it to the rest." But the little boy swelled out his cheeks, and would not obey. When Mr. Dalben saw this, he remembered Solomon's words: "Correct thy

son whilst there is hope; thou shalt beat him with a rod, and save his soul from hell." Accordingly the old gentleman called for a twig out of Sally's besom, and laying little master over his knee, he made him recollect the letter F another time. Henry cried violently; but the moment he was set down he took up the ivory letter, carried it to the appointed place, and came back in a moment to kiss his uncle and beg pardon.

"You will thank me for this by and by, my little man," said Mr. Dalben, wiping the tears from Henry's face; "and I will tell you moreover, my boy, I love you too well to omit any means appointed by God for your soul's good."

After this day there were no more battles about the letter F; but Henry stood out again a long while about spelling CAT: he insisted, whenever he came to that word, upon calling it Muff, and tried to put the matter off at first, as a very good joke. But on his uncle repeatedly telling him that CAT would not spell Muff, he grew sullen, and lowered his brow, and pouted his lips. Mr. Dalben reasoned awhile with him, and next tried threatening, upon which, little master grew more stubborn. Mr. Dalben was then again forced to have recourse to his friend the

besom; which when the young gentleman perceived, he called out CAT, cat, so loudly, that he was heard by Mrs. Kitty, who was making pye-crust in the kitchen.

Throughout the greater part of his fifth year, little Henry Milner from time to time broke out in these little fits of obstinacy; he was then so very young, that he could hardly be expected to understand the danger and guilt of sin, though his good uncle tried to lay these matters before him in words as plain as possible; but he perfectly understood the arguments used by Sally's besom: and though I think Mr. Dalben only used it three times, if he heard but the name mentioned, he would instantly give up any point, let him have it ever so much at heart.

And here I must pause to make a remark, which you, my young readers, may not understand now, but which you will perhaps remember and think of in years to come, when you have some little Henrys or Georges of your own to take care of. The Almighty, who knows the foolishness and the sinfulness of children, has in his infinite mercy given to each little child some kind friend or parent, in whose hands an awful authority and responsibility is invested; directing that this authority shall be used for the child's good, until that child has attained an age in which he

may be supposed to understand the higher obligations of religion. The Almighty, in thus arranging matters for little children, and directing in his holy book, that chastisements of various kinds should be used if needful, plainly pointed out, that he did not expect persons at a very early period of life to be regulated by argument or reason, but by parental authority: and therefore, those parents who neglect the use of the power thus placed in their hands, are as guilty of despising the ordinances of God, as he who refuses to enter a place of worship, or denies the authority of the divine precepts concerning the sacraments. This was Mr. Dalben's opinion; and I have introduced it here, to show the principle upon which he corrected the little orphan, whom he loved with the utmost paternal tenderness.—But to go on with our story.

As little Henry approached his sixth year, through the divine blessing upon his uncle's care and instructions, he became evidently more docile. A word would now do, where some months past it had been necessary to threaten, if not to inflict punishment: being more humble, he was also become much more polite. I am sorry to say, that I see many little boys in these days, even in gentlemen's families, who do not use common manners; the little words 'Ma'am' and 'Sir,' and

‘I thank you,’ and ‘I am obliged to you,’ are terribly out of fashion in these days; and I am very sorry for it, because I take rude manners to be a sign of a proud heart, and we know how hateful pride is to God, for his first work with those whom he calls to be his own children, is to humble them in their own conceits.

Accordingly little Henry, as I said before, as he became more humble became more civil; he never spoke to any one, without giving a title of respect, and he never received even a bit of ~~bread~~ without thanking the person who gave it.

Thus little Henry finished his fifth year, and I also conclude my chapter.

CHAP. V.

Giving an Account of Henry Milner's Improvement during his sixth Year, and of six pleasant Pictures, which his Uncle bought him in a Penny Book.

WHEN Henry Milner was completely ~~five~~ years old, he used to spend as much as two hours every day, at different times, at his lessons.

There were not in those days such a variety of little books for children as there now is ; but little master did not feel this want, for Mr. Dalben had a custom of telling him every day some little pleasant and true story, commonly when he was out a-walking, or when he was sitting on his lap before tea.

Mr. Dalben had been at Worcester one day, and there he bought in a bookseller's shop, a pretty penny book with a gilt cover, and six little pictures within. This book Mr. Dalben used to show to little Henry every day before tea ; pointing him out one picture at a time, and telling him a story about that picture.

The first picture in this little book was that of a little boy sitting under a tree and reading a book. "That little boy," said Mr. Dalben to Henry, "is a very holy little boy; he has got a new heart; I will tell you some other day what a new heart is: every day, when he has done his lesson, he comes into this wood, and sits under that tree and reads his Bible. He is a poor boy, and his Bible is very old; but he loves it very dearly, because holy men have written it, the words being put into their heads by God himself. Every word in the Bible is true: it tells of things which happened before the world began, and it tells of things which will come to pass in the last days: it speaks also of that dreadful hell to which wicked people go when they die; a place of fire and brimstone, where devils dwell in darkness, fire, and chains. The Bible speaks also of heaven, where holy men, and women, and children, go when they die; there are the spirits of just men made perfect, and of redeemed and holy infants; there they rejoice for ever in the presence of their Saviour, wearing crowns of gold and having harps in their hands, being also clothed in garments made white in the blood of the Lamb. All these things, and many more, this little holy boy finds in his book; he spends many pleasant hours, I am very sure,

God the Son for all that he suffered for him ; and I doubt not but that he is earnestly beseeching the Lord the Spirit to make his heart clean and holy. Well," continued Mr. Dalben, " these are two very pleasant pictures, and two happy little boys."

The next picture was that of Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, sitting in the garden of Eden before they had committed any sin. Around them were playing all manner of birds and beasts ; a monstrous lion was lying quietly at Adam's feet, and a leopard was sleeping upon the grass by the side of Eve.

" Oh ! how happy," said Mr. Dalben, " was the world before Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit ! Those, Henry, were the first man and woman made by God ; they had no naughtiness in their hearts then ; they lived in that beautiful garden, and lions and tigers, and other beasts, which are now so furious, lived with them : but when they were tempted by Satan to eat of the fruit of which God forbade them to taste, every thing was changed ; their hearts became full of sin, and their bodies liable to death ; and the world from that time became full of sin and sorrow."

The fourth picture represented an eagle flying through the air after a dove, and a fierce dog pursuing a gentle hind ; and in another part of the picture was a lion fighting with a tiger.

“ See, see, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “ see how those strong creatures pursue the weak ones, and see how those two dreadful beasts are tearing each other to pieces. Before Adam sinned, these creatures lived together very happily in the garden of Eden : there was no death there, no quarrelling and tearing each other to pieces ; but when sin came into the world, their natures were all changed, and they have since lived in continual war with each other.”

The fifth picture represented a little white horse standing in a field ; it was night, and the heavens were covered with bright stars ; in a thicket near to this little white horse lay a monstrous lion fast asleep.

“ What is the meaning of this ? ” said Mr. Dalben, as he looked at this picture. “ Oh, I can tell, and its meaning is very pretty.

“ You have often heard me speak of God the Son, our Saviour Christ, who came to die for us upon the cross : this dear Saviour is now gone up into heaven, and he has promised, that he will come again in the last days to be king over

the earth : these are the blessed days called the millennium ; and the Bible is full of sweet accounts of these days, ‘ when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.’

“ When Jesus Christ is king over all the earth, there will be no longer cruelty in the world ; little boys will be no longer cross and passionate, and evil beasts will become gentle : ‘ the wolf will lie down with the lion, and the calf and the young lion together, and a little child shall lead them.’ This picture represents a happy night in the millennium ; the stars are shining bright ; the sky is free from clouds ; the little horse stands quietly in his field, and is not frightened, though the lion is near ; for it is the days of the millennium, the blest days of the millennium, and violence has ceased from the land.”

The sixth and last picture was that of the Shepherd King sitting on the top of a lovely hill, with a multitude of sheep feeding quietly around him ; the Shepherd King had a harp in his hand, and a crown on his head.

“ This,” said Mr. Dalben, “ is the King who shall reign, in the days of the millennium, from one end of the earth to the other. This King is Christ, and the sheep are his people ; this King

has bought his sheep with his own blood ; therefore they are his ; and they know him and love him because he gave his life for them."

You do not suppose that little Henry Milner understood all these pictures, after having seen them only once or twice. No, he had seen them, and heard his uncle talk of them over and over again before he understood them properly ; but before he was six years old, he so fully comprehended them, that he would often take the book himself and tell the stories, as it were, to himself ; and then he began to ask his uncle questions about the subjects of these pictures ; and so he gradually acquired new ideas relative to them.

Thus little Henry Milner entered his seventh year, an account of certain events in which, I shall give you in my next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Giving an Account of Henry's Contest with his Temptations to Idleness; the Pigeon, the Butterfly, the Humble Bee, the bright-eyed Mouse, and the Spider.

It was the intention of Mr. Dalben to bring up little Henry, the Lord permitting, for the ministry of God; he therefore knew that the little boy must acquire a knowledge of those ancient languages in which the Bible was written; but inasmuch as he knew with what difficulty children acquire a knowledge of grammar in a foreign language, he resolved to make him first acquainted with the parts of speech and other such matters in the English tongue, for these are the same in all languages; and it is a great matter to understand what an adjective, and what a substantive, and what a verb is, before we begin to study new and strange words in other tongues.

Mr. Dalben accordingly procured a plain English grammar to his purpose, and took considerable pains in explaining it to the little boy.

Henry, in commencing this new and dry study, felt himself much disconcerted; but he did not show his ill humour as he had formerly done in pouting and obstinacy, but by being excessively idle; he for a length of time would never study his grammar, excepting when his uncle was working with him and trying to explain it to him.

At length Mr. Dalben was displeased, and calling him to him, he said, "Henry Milner, you may perhaps have heard foolish people say, that idleness is not sin; but I plainly tell you that idleness in children is nothing but obstinacy; and that it is because children will not work, not because they cannot work, that we see so many ignorant boys and girls. You often tell me that you wish to be good, and to be one of the little lambs of the Shepherd King, and to be like those holy children who in ages to come will play upon the fair hills of the millennium; but, Henry, do you suppose that these boys will be idle? think you not rather that they will be ready to learn, and would be ready, if called upon, even to suffer for the sake of their King?"

"Let me tell you, Henry Milner, if you do not know it already, that this idleness is a strong symptom of an unchanged heart, and that if it is not speedily overcome, I shall apply to the

friend which has lain by in the closet for nearly a year and a half."

So saying, Mr. Dalben produced the rod; but I am happy to say that he had no occasion to use it, for Henry melted into tears, confessed his fault, and, to show his penitence, set to work with all his might to learn his lesson.

It was summer-time, and Thomas had mowed one of the fields. Mr. Dalben, at breakfast the day after the above conversation, said to the little boy, "If you will do all your lessons before dinner, Henry, you shall go with me after dinner to the hay-field, and shall help to make hay." Henry heard this with great delight, and the moment breakfast was finished, set to his lessons. He had a copy to write and a sum to do, he had two lessons to learn in geography, his Bible to read, and his grammar lesson: all these lessons he loved, excepting his grammar. So he did those he liked best first, and then said to his uncle, "May I go, Sir, into the closet where I sleep," for Henry being six years old now, slept in the closet I spoke of within his uncle's room, "and there learn my grammar?"

Mr. Dalben gave his consent, and Henry ran up stairs, shut the door, and sitting down on a little stool opposite the window, set himself to learn his lesson. It was the summer-time, as I

before said, and the window was open ; but there was nothing to be seen where Henry sate, through the window, but the tops of the tallest shrubs, the summits of the grove behind these, and the heights of Malvern beyond, but at such a distance, that the little gardens and cottages, half-way up the hill, only looked like dark specks upon the blue mountain. Henry set himself very earnestly to his lessons, and went on without interruption, till a blue pigeon, from his uncle's pigeon-house over the stable (for Mr. Dalben had built a pigeon-house about half a year before), came flying towards the window, and setting herself on the window-sill, for she was very tame, began to coo and dress her feathers, turning about her glossy neck in a very dainty and capricious manner. Henry's voice ceased ; his eye wandered from his book, and fixed itself upon the pigeon ; till at length recollecting himself, he cried out, " Get away, Mrs. Pigeon ; I will learn my lesson, and you shall not hinder me." At the sound of his voice the bird took flight, and Henry went on with his lesson very successfully, till suddenly a beautiful yellow butterfly, whose wings were enriched with spots of azure, appeared in the open window, first settling himself upon the window-frame, then upon some of the furniture within, and then upon the ceiling. Henry's

eye again left his book, and followed the butterfly through all its irregular motions, till the creature returning through the window, and flying towards the shrubs, was presently too far off to be seen. "I am glad you are gone," said Henry, returning to his lesson, "and I hope you will come no more." Henry should have said, "I hope I shall have sense, if you should happen to come again, not to think any more about you." But Henry was a silly idle little boy, and had not yet learnt the necessity of commanding his attention to what he ought to be doing. Poor Henry was very unfortunate that day; for, no sooner was the yellow butterfly out of sight than in came a humble bee—Buz, buz, buz; and this last gentleman was so impertinent, that he came flying up to Henry and round his head; buzzing in one ear, then in another, then out at the window, then in again, then again at the little boy's ears, then away again. At length, Henry got so vexed with him, that he took his opportunity, jumped up, and shut the window against him; and more than that, he turned his stool round, and set himself with his back to the window: "There, gentleman and ladies," said he, "Mrs. Pigeon, and Mrs. Butterfly, and Mr. Humble Bee, if you come again, you will not

find me at home; or, if I am at home, not ready to receive you."

Whilst Henry was saying these words, and whilst he was looking for his place in his grammar, which had fallen to the floor in his haste to shut the window, he heard a little kind of nibbling rattling noise in the old wainscot. "What now?" said the little boy; "who is coming next?" He turned towards the side whence the noise came, and there was a pretty little brown mouse with sparkling black eyes, peeping through a hole in the old wainscot.

"There now," said Henry, "there is a new visitor come; well, I am glad Muff is not here at any rate: get back, Mrs. Mouse, get back to your hiding-place; but I will not look at you, I will learn, I am determined to learn." So he turned his face again to another corner of the room, and had just settled himself to learn with all his might and main, when a monstrous large spider let himself down from the ceiling right above his head, and dropped upon his book; Henry shook him off without hurting him, saying, "I will tell you what, ladies and gentlemen; I won't care for any of you, that will be the best way, that is, I will try not to care for you. I hope I shall be helped to do right; and then, Mrs. Pigeon, you

may coo; and Mrs. Butterfly, you may flutter; and Mr. Humble Bee, you may buz; and Mrs. Mouse, you may nibble; and Mr. Spider, you may spin; but still I shall be able to learn my lesson." So little Henry being filled with a desire to do well, no doubt from above, kept looking at his book, and repeating the words with all his might, till he was able to say his lesson quite perfectly, and then he went joyfully down to his uncle, and when he had said his lesson, he gave an account of all his visitors to his kind old friend.

In reply to little Henry's story, Mr. Dalben made this remark:

"My dear boy, whenever we have any duty to perform, whether a duty of little or much importance, we shall assuredly meet with difficulties; difficulties from our own hearts within, and difficulties from the world without. Now these difficulties, whether they be great or small, are such as no man can vanquish in his proper strength; and therefore we see persons who are not religious, so changeable and variable in their conduct, and so light and inconsistent in all they do; but those who are supported by the help of God, are enabled to overcome all trials; therefore it is written,

‘ They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength : they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; they shall walk, and not faint. (Isaiah, xl. 31.) ’ ”

CHAP. VII.

The Hay-making, and the Conversation by the Brook.

WHAT a sweet field was that into which Henry Milner went to make hay with his uncle, on the afternoon of the same day in which he had received so many visitors in his little bed-room.

As he was going through the hall immediately after dinner, his uncle called him to him to the door of a closet under the staircase, and presented him with a nice, strong, little rake, which he had had made for him, and a fork which, though not made of iron, was very substantial, and would not easily come to pieces.

How happily did the little boy now follow his kind uncle through the garden, carrying his new fork and rake over his shoulders, and asking, as he went along, how they must be used.

“ You will see the other haymakers at work, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “ and you must do as they do.”

When arrived in the field, they saw Thomas very busy with several poor workpeople out of the

village. The field in which they were at work was on the declivity of a high bank, sloping towards the west. It was surrounded on the east and south by a thick wood, and on the north it opened towards the lovely valley of the Teme. In the lower part of this field were a few low trees, or bushes, through which ran a clear stream, sometimes being hid by the bushes, and sometimes appearing plainly to the eye. A variety of wild water-plants, such as the marsh-marygold and soapwort, grew close upon its margin, and certain little fish were seen playing across its pebbled channel. At some seasons of the year, that beautiful bird the kingfisher was said to visit this brook; but at this time this bird, called by the ancients the halcyon, was not to be seen, being perhaps driven from its usual haunts by the voices of the haymakers. Many commoner birds, however, abounded near this place; and in the field on the other side of the water were many sheep and lambs, whose gentle bleatings sounded most agreeably among the other rural murmurs.

Mr. Dalben had brought a book with him, and soon seated himself quietly on the grass near the brook to read; but Henry fell to work in tossing about the hay with so little moderation, that in less than an hour he was quite tired, and

was glad to sit down for a while by his uncle on the grass.

“ I thought,” said Mr. Dalben, “ how it would be, Master Henry, when you set to work so furiously; and I think, if I heard rightly, Thomas warned you against so doing. Remember, my little man, from this adventure in the hay-field, that when you wish to work long, and to make yourself really useful, you must begin with moderation, and not exhaust yourself at first setting out.”

Henry held down his head, and looked a little ashamed. Mr. Dalben, however, said ‘no more on the subject, but advised him to remain quiet a while to cool himself.

Now, whilst Henry was sitting with his uncle in the field, they fell into some very pleasant and sweet discourse. Mr. Dalben pointed out to the little boy the brook which came tumbling from the high grounds above, and now ran gently murmuring at their feet; and then he explained to him the use of these little brooks, which abound in this country, namely, to convey nourishment to the thirsty lands, and to supply drink for the cattle and the birds which reside in the brakes and bushes.

“ In countries,” he said, “ where these springs do not abound, the people are obliged

to dig wells with immense labour, and to draw out their water from the bowels of the earth; and where water is not thus supplied, the lands become parched and dry, and will neither produce trees nor grass."

The good old gentleman then went on to speak of the Holy Spirit of God, "whose blessed gifts and graces," he told the little boy, "were compared in the Bible to gentle showers, and early dew, and flowing brooks and fountains; because," added he, "showers, and dew, and running brooks soften the hard earth, and fit it for producing flowers and fruit, corn and herbs; and the Holy Spirit coming into the stony hearts of men makes them soft and tender, and fit for bringing forth holy and blessed works; therefore it is said, 'He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth.'"

"Is my heart tender?" said little Henry.

"I dare not yet say," said Mr. Dalben, "that I think it so. You certainly have not shown so many naughty tempers lately as you used to do; but if your heart was really changed, you would love God more than you do; you would be fonder of your Bible than you are; you would delight in singing hymns and in praying; and when any disagreeable task was given you to do,

you would endeavour do it with pleasure, hoping thereby to please your God."

"Oh!" said Henry, "I wish that the Holy Spirit of God would make my heart soft and tender."

"For whose sake, and in whose name, ought you to seek the help of the Holy Spirit?" said Mr. Dalben.

"For the sake of my Saviour," returned Henry.

"Remember, my boy, that it is in the name of Christ, and through his merits only, that you or I, or any poor sinful creature, must expect any favour from above."

The discourse between Mr. Dalben and Henry then took a different turn, and Mr. Dalben spoke of the sheep and lambs which were feeding on the other side of the brook.

"I knew an old gentleman," said Mr. Dalben, "who died twenty years ago, who knew the history of all the living creatures in the country, and could tell their modes of life and manners. He knew all the four-footed creatures which inhabit this land. He knew also the birds which live in the branches of the trees, and in old buildings and rocks. Those creatures which live half in water and half on the land, he was also well acquainted with. He knew most of the

fishes too which swim in our rivers; and also the insects and the worms; and he could tell many curious stories about them, so that he was one of the pleasantest old men I ever met with."

"And did he fear God?" said little Henry.

"Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben; "for I should not call any man pleasant who did not fear God."

"Do you remember any of his stories, uncle?" said Henry.

"Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, "and I will tell you some of them some time or other; but you must first repeat to me, if you can remember them, the six different classes into which the old gentleman divided the creatures."

"Indeed," said Henry, "I do not think I can remember them. Please to tell them to me again, uncle."

"The first," said Mr. Dalben, "are all those creatures which feed their young ones with their own milk, of whatever shape or kind they may be; such as sheep, and cows, and horses, and cats, and mice, and rats, and bats. And there are also some creatures which live in the sea, of this class, but they are rarely found on the English coast. The second class consists of birds; the third, of creatures called amphibious, which live half in water and half on land; the fourth are

fishes; the fifth, insects; and the sixth, worms."

"Shall I ever understand any thing about all these creatures?" said Henry.

"You are a very little boy yet," said Mr. Dalben; "but when I come to talk to you more about these creatures, you will be able, I dare say, to remember many things about them. But here comes Sally, with a pailful of skimmed milk and a loaf of brown bread for the hay-makers."

"O uncle, may I wait upon them?" said Henry.

"They will not want much attendance, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "but whilst they are at their supper, you shall read to them a chapter in the Bible, provided you will speak out plainly, and in an audible voice."

The haymakers soon gathered round the milk-pail, thanking Mr. Dalben for this unexpected treat; and Sally gave to each person, great and small, an iron spoon and a piece of bread. And Mr. Dalben having first requested them to give God thanks, they began to eat and Henry to read. The portion of Scripture which Mr. Dalben fixed upon on this occasion was the eleventh chapter of Isaiah: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and

a branch shall grow out of his roots: and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity, for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

When little Henry had read so far, a cer-

tain old man of the company, by name John Holmes, begged leave to put in a word, and said to Mr. Dalben, "May I make bold, Sir, before little master goes any farther, to ask for the explanation of these same verses which the young gentleman has just read? Now, Sir, I think I understand so far, that the branch from the stem of Jesse is no other than our Lord, who came, as we know, from Jesse, who was the father of King David. And having made out so much, I understand pretty well what follows; for, to be sure, the spirit of the Lord and the spirit of wisdom did rest on our Lord whilst on earth; but what does this expression mean, that he shall judge the poor with equity, and that the evil beasts shall, as it were, change their natures, and that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea? When are these times to come, Sir? or, think you, are they past? For I have heard many say, that the old times were much better than these."

In reply to this, Mr. Dalben answered, "These verses, John, contain a very curious and wonderful prophecy; and I could show you many passages without end to the same purpose in other parts of Scripture. These verses speak of a blessed time which shall come to pass in the

last days of the earth, when Christ our Lord will be King and Ruler over every country, when the fear and love of him will be impressed on every heart. We have some reason to think, though we know not when this time will come, that it will last a thousand years; and that every kind of spiritual and temporal blessing will then be spread abroad over all the earth."

"Sir," said John Holmes, "I never heard talk of this before."

"Never, John!" said Mr. Dalben: "why, if you have never had any insight into this matter, the prophecies, for the most part, must be as dark to you as the blackest midnight. But now I tell you, that although Satan has had a long time of it on earth, his time will have an end; and then will come the triumph of the children of God. The creation has long groaned under pain and bondage; but even these fair fields and woods will yet see better days, and roses and lilies will yet bloom where now we only see thorns and briers."

"If such is the case, Sir," returned John, "and if our Lord is finally to triumph even in this world, what's the use of folks trying to make themselves great and grand in laying up treasure for their families in these days, seeing

that all the fashions of this present world must pass away, in order to make way for the better things which are to come?"

"Ay, John," said Mr. Dalben, "as you say, what is the use of any care but for the soul? for the Lord has said, that to those who seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things necessary shall be added."

By this time the haymakers had finished their meal; and as there was a little fog beginning to rise from the brook at the bottom of the meadow, Mr. Dalben thought it best to take Henry by the hand, and to return to the house.

CHAP. VIII.

*A Walk in a Wood, with a Visit to the old House
once inhabited by Jenny Crawley.*

WHEN the hay was got in and safely lodged in a small rick well thatched with straw near the barn, Mr. Dalben took Henry one afternoon to visit a wood about a mile distant, to which he had promised to take him as soon as he was able to walk so far.

As they were going along, he talked to him about the six classes of animals, of which he had spoken to him before, viz. the animals of the first class, which are known by their feeding their young ones with their milk; the second class, which consists of birds; the third class, which are called amphibia, creatures which live half on land and half in water; the fourth class, which are fishes; the fifth, which consists of insects; and the sixth, which are worms: "And now, Henry," he said, "you shall point out to me one of each sort as we go along. Let us see who will first discover an animal of the first class."

The first part of Mr. Dalben's and Henry's

way to the wood lay through a lane inclosed on each side by a high hedge; here Henry saw many birds, and found several snail-shells, some of which shells had snails in them; and therefore Mr. Dalben would not allow him to meddle with them; but neither birds nor snails would do for their first class, because birds and snails do not feed their young ones with milk: at length, on the lane taking a turn, Henry being a few steps before his uncle, cried out, "I am first, I am first; I have found it—a *donkey*, a *donkey*, a *donkey*." Henry had reason to rejoice; there was just before him a poor little gray donkey feeding on the side of the lane.

Mr. Dalben smiled, and said, "You are right, Henry: the poor donkey belongs to the first class, a specimen of which we are looking for, and you have seen him first; and I hope you feel yourself much obliged to him for coming to eat his thistles in this lane.

"There are many naughty boys, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "who are very cruel to these poor animals, and use them very ill; but I trust that you will never fall into the dreadful practice of being cruel to any animal. It is sometimes necessary that animals should be killed, but it should always be done as speedily as possible, in order that they may be in pain a very short time.

"Behold that poor little donkey, how meek and humble he looks with his rough coat and long ears. There is no creature in the world, however, more useful to men: he does not travel so fast as a horse when he is on the road, but he goes straight forward, and will go on a long time without being tired; he will carry great burdens, considering his size; and is contented with the coarsest food: hard-hearted people despise and use him ill, but a good man is merciful to his beast. And now, Henry, let us look for an animal of the second class."

"The second class?" said Henry: "oh! those are birds; I have seen a great number since I came out, but now I cannot see one. How tiresome! oh, there is one in the hedge: no, it is not one: it is only a leaf shaking. Well, this is provoking, when there were so many just now, and now I cannot see one."

"Why so impatient, Henry?" said Mr. Dalben. "If you were a king or a prince now, and had power, you would do some very rash thing, because you cannot see a bird the very moment you desire to do so; is this right, Henry?"

Henry looked ashamed, and remained silent a moment, till at length a bird did actually rise out of the hedge, and fly before him.

"There, uncle, there," said Henry; "there is one of the second class."

“Very well, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben; “you have found a creature of the first class, and one also of the second; we must now find a specimen of the third.”

“The third class?” said Henry: “oh, those are creatures which live on land sometimes, and sometimes in water; what do you call them, Sir?”

Mr. Dalben replied, “Amphibia.”

“Amphibia, Sir,” said Henry; “what kind of creatures are those?”

Mr. Dalben answered, “Tortoises, and frogs, and toads, and lizards, and serpents.”

“Oh!” said Henry, “these are all ugly things. I think, uncle, I will leave it to you to find one of these.”

“They are ugly,” said Mr. Dalben, “as you say, Henry, and some of them very hurtful. These animals have cold blood, and generally naked bodies; their colours are often dark and disgusting; and some of them have an unpleasant smell.”

“Are there any in this lane, uncle?” said Henry.

“A little farther on,” said Mr. Dalben, “is a green ditch; and perhaps, if we mind what we are about, we may find some frogs in it. Come on, Henry; there it is a little before us.”

Mr. Dalben and Henry hastened on, till coming into a wider part of the lane, they saw a green stagnant puddle on one side, and in this green puddle they saw a number of little animals, about two inches or more in length, having no legs and long tails.

“What are these creatures?” said Henry.

“They are young frogs,” said Mr. Dalben ; when they are about six weeks old their tails will fall off, and they will have legs : these creatures belong to the third class of animals, namely, the amphibia ; and we have now found an example of three classes.”

“I found two, uncle, and you have found one,” said Henry ; “and now it is my turn to look again. Will you tell me, uncle, once more, what is the fourth class?”

“The fourth class, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “are fish ; they breathe in a different manner to what we do, and the bodies of most of them are covered with scales.”

“Oh ! uncle,” said Henry impatiently, “I wish I could find one.”

“Henry Milner, Henry Milner,” said Mr. Dalben smiling, “command yourself, my boy : for if you give way to impatience, as you did when looking for a bird, I fear you will be quite out of your senses before you find a fish in this

dusty lane; unless it should happen here (as I have been told it sometimes does in India and other hot countries), that a violent shower of rain should fall, and in it a number of small fish!"

"Is that true, uncle?" said Henry; "does it ever rain fishes?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Dalben: "I knew a gentleman, who being in a tent in India, in the midst of a sandy plain, as much as a thousand miles from the sea, picked up several little fishes at the moment of their fall from the clouds in a violent storm of rain."

By the time that Henry had done wondering and talking about this story, they were come to the end of the lane, and passing over a stile, they entered upon a wide and open field, where a number of sheep and lambs were feeding on the soft and thymy herbage.

"No hope, Henry, of finding any fish here," said Mr. Dalben, "any more than in the lane which we have just left. I should therefore advise, that we put off finding our other three classes till another afternoon, when I will walk down with you, my dear boy (if all is well), to the river which winds in the bottom of this valley, and whose course is marked by rows of willows, which you may distinctly see from this distance. And now," he added, "we will speak a little

of these sheep, which are feeding so peaceably in this beautiful field. I never, my dear little boy, see sheep feeding happily in a field with their lambs playing beside them, but I look forward to that blessed time when the Shepherd King shall reign over all the earth, and when he shall gather his sheep together, and preserve them from all their enemies, and pour upon them showers of blessings."

"That will be in the time of the millennium, uncle," said little Henry: "I wish I could live to see that time."

"How things will be ordered and arranged before the second coming of our Lord, we know not exactly, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben; "but some persons suppose that the second of St. Peter, third chapter, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses, allude to that time: 'But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall

be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.'

"From these verses therefore it appears, my dear boy, that we have nothing to do, but to follow our Shepherd King whilst in this present state of being; to obey his gentle calls; to submit ourselves to his holy will; and as much as in you lies, to study the character of those persons who shall make a part of the blessed number of the inhabitants of the earth in the days of the millenium. In those days no one will desire to be rich or great, no one will be anxious to join house to house and field to field, but every one will strive to please his Shepherd and his God; and every one will strive to be holy, humble, and inoffensive."

By this time they had crossed the pleasant field where the sheep were feeding, and were entering into a thick wood, through the midst of which ran a narrow winding path, which, as they passed on, sometimes led them up hill, and sometimes descended into the bottom of a narrow valley or dingle.

Having gone on for some little time, they

came within sight of an old cottage, built of timber with lath and plaster; the timbers had been painted black, and still retained their colour; but the white plaster had been rendered yellow and gray by time; and in many places both lath and plaster had fallen so entirely away, that the inner chambers were open to the outward air. A few panes of greenish glass were still left in one of the casements, but half the old door of the house was gone.

“Could your dear father visit this world again,” said Mr. Dalben, “there is perhaps no place which he would behold with more delight than this old cottage, because here it was that he was first permitted to exert himself in the service of his God.”

Henry looked hard at Mr. Dalben, as not thoroughly understanding the tendency of this remark. Whereupon Mr. Dalben explained himself to this purport: but as I have made my chapter sufficiently long, I will here break off, and proceed in my next.

CHAP. IX.

Giving an Account of Jenny Crawley; of Mr. Milner's Kindness to her.

"ABOUT twenty years ago, there lived in the house which you see before you, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "an old woman of the name of Jenny Crawley. This old woman lived here alone, and had done so for many years. She maintained herself by making matches and betoms, and by buying and selling rags for paper. She was always seen in the same dress; namely, a petticoat patched from top to bottom, with patches of all manner of colours and shapes; a short blue jacket, an apron and handkerchief, and a flat hat made of felt. She was never seen at a place of worship, and could not read. Her only companions in this place were a gray cat and a magpye; and she had little furniture in her house, but an old wicker chair, a three-legged stool, a three-cornered oak table, a tea-kettle, and a few cracked cups and plates: her bed, which was in the room up stairs, was as uncomfortable as the rest of her furniture."

By the time Mr. Dalben had told thus much of his story, they were come to the door of the cottage; and as what was left of the door was open, they went in.

The lower room was quite stripped and empty, excepting that the mantle-shelf and part of an old window-shutter were left, and in one corner were the remains of an old mop made of different coloured rags.

"There," said Mr. Dalben, "on the side of the chimney nearest the window, the old woman used to sit; and often and often have I seen your dear papa placed on the three-legged stool opposite to her: but I must tell you how your papa got acquainted with her, and what he was enabled to do for her; and, as we both stand in need of a little rest, let us sit down on the foot of this stair, and I will tell you the whole story.—When your dear papa was about twelve years of age we were told that old Jenny Crawley was so ill with a lameness in one foot, that she was not able to carry on her trade of selling besoms and matches, and that she was suffering great distress from want; and as her character was none of the best, no person in the parish was forward to help her. When your dear papa heard this, he asked my leave to take her every day some little thing out of the kitchen; and when I gave my leave I found

that he afterwards added all the money which he had in the world, which he spent in buying the old woman a coarse gray cloak, for it was the depth of winter. From that time he went every day for nearly a year, about which time she died, to take her broth, or milk, and such other food as he could persuade Kitty to give him; and I have often seen him put by his cheese, when he was allowed a bit of cheese for supper, or at twelve o'clock, to carry to his poor woman, or any other nice little bit which he might happen to have, although thus denying his own appetite for the sake of this poor creature.

“ When he had been once or twice to see this poor woman, and found that she knew nothing about her God, or about her dear Saviour, he asked me if I would allow him to take a Bible, and read to her, and I gave my permission.

“ It happened at that time, that I had a very bad cough, which obliged me to remain within doors for as much as two months; but as soon as I was able to go out, I went with your dear father to see her. And I was quite surprised to find how much he had been enabled to teach this poor ignorant creature, and how very thankful she was. ‘ Dear Sir,’ she said, ‘ if it had not been for Master Milner, I should have died for want; but what he has done, as to providing me with

food and warm clothing, is nothing in comparison of what he has told me about my Saviour. Why, Sir, though living in a Christian country, I was as ignorant of all these things as the babe unborn ; and should have remained so until my dying day, if it had not been for dear little master.' I told her, that it must not be to Master Milner that she must give the glory and thanks ; but to God. And I was glad to hear her say, that your dear papa had told her the same thing ; and that he would never allow her to thank him for any thing he had done ; but would always say, ' No, Jenny, no—don't say a word about it to me. I am very glad if I have done any thing to make you comfortable ; but it is not me, it is God you must thank for all your comforts.'

" Look at that old chimney, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, " and think how many hours your dear father spent in that corner, reading to the poor old woman ; forsaking all his pleasures and his play for her sake. Do you think he is sorry for having done so now?"

Whilst Mr. Dalben was speaking, they heard a gun go off at some little distance, and in a minute afterwards, they saw two young men in shooting dresses, and with guns in their hands, passing away through the bottom of the dingle. " There," said Mr. Dalben, " there, Henry,

look at those young men; I do not know who they are, so I may speak more freely of them than if I did know them. They are spending their time in the way which most young men delight in who do not fear God; but holy boys and young men will never take delight in these kinds of sports. Your dear father might once have liked these things, as well as other boys; but he knew that they were unholy, and he gave them up, and rather chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin."

Mr. Dalben then arose, and made his way up the old stairs, followed by Henry. The old stairs shook under them as they stepped upon them; but they got safely to the top of them, and found a room above of the same size as the lower room: in this room there was no furniture excepting an old oaken bedstead, so eaten with worms, that one of the feet had given way, and the sacking was all in tatters; on the wall were the remains of an old penny print, which represented the ascension of our Saviour into heaven; it was coloured, and had been pasted to the wall; it was placed exactly opposite to the bed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Dalben, "that picture I have often seen in your father's hands; and I remember when he pasted it up against this wall, thinking

it would please the old woman to look at it, when she was confined to her bed."

Henry looked at the picture till the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "Oh! uncle, shall I ever be as good as my papa?"

"Your papa, my dear Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "was by nature no better than you are. He was born with an evil heart; but the Spirit of God was poured upon him; and the consequence was, that he was enabled to bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit. You know, my boy, what the fruits of the Spirit are?"

"Yes, uncle," said Henry; "they are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness. When the Holy Spirit enters our hearts, then our hearts are filled with these blessed feelings, and then we are very happy."

"Very true, my boy," returned Mr. Dalben; "and now let us look from this old broken casement, and see what beautiful places the Lord prepares in woods and solitary parts of the earth."

Henry immediately went to the window, and found he could see from thence into the very bottom of the dingle; where a little narrow wooden bridge was thrown over a clear brook which came tumbling down from the opposite

sides of the dingle. A number of beautiful trees grew on each side of the little valley, casting their deep shade below, excepting in one place ; where the last rays of the evening sun made their way through the branches, and poured directly upon the waterfall, causing it to glitter and sparkle, as if it were composed of crystals and diamonds.

“ Oh ! uncle,” said little Henry, “ what a pretty place ! ”

“ Your dear father,” said Mr. Dalben, “ used often to sit by this window, and read to poor Jane Crawley, when she was confined to her bed, which she was for some months before she died : and I know that he often used to look upon that scene with delight ; for he had learned to admire these beautiful works of God.

“ We had provided an old woman to take care of poor Jenny ; but it was from your dear papa that she learned all those heavenly truths which were, with the divine blessing, to make her eternally happy. It was from him that she learned what God the Father had done for her ; how this her heavenly Parent had planned and provided the means of her salvation even before the foundation of the world ; and how God the Son had, in obedience to his Father’s will, laid down his precious life for her upon the cross,

that she, through his death, might be justified from all her sins; and how God the Holy Ghost was even then bringing her to the knowledge of her Saviour, and by his regenerating and sanctifying grace thus preparing her for glory.

“ Though he was very young, he was enabled to teach her all these things; and, as I before said, he preferred the pleasure of visiting and talking to her, to all his sports and amusements. He continued to attend her every day till she died: and he perhaps, at this moment, is standing before the throne of God, in the company of this poor creature, to whom he was enabled to show so much kindness when in this world.”

When Mr. Dalben had spoken these last words, he took Henry's hand, and they went down the old stairs, and out by the door of the house into the wood; and in this place I shall finish my chapter, hoping that you have had pleasure in following Mr. Dalben and little Henry Milner in their visit to Jenny Crawley's cottage.

CHAP. X.

*The Walk to the River-side. Discourse upon
Fishes and Insects.*

A FEW days after Mr. Dalben had taken Henry to Jenny Crawley's cottage, he took a walk with him, according to his promise, to the banks of the river Teme, which flowed about a mile and a half from Mr. Dalben's house.

This river is a clear and rapid stream, which rises in Wales, and having taken its course through some of the most beautiful valleys in England, falls into the Severn, a little below the city of Worcester. The course of the river is for the most part marked by rows of silver willows.

Henry and his uncle continued descending along beautiful fields for some time before they came into the meadows on the banks of the Teme; and Mr. Dalben, as his custom was, renewed his discourse as they walked along, profitable to the little boy, as well as exceedingly agreeable.

“ We are going to look for an animal of the

fourth class to-day, Henry," said Mr. Dalben ;
" let us therefore consider what kinds of animals
these are.

" The animals of the fourth class, as I have
told you, my dear boy, are fishes, creatures
which live in the water. Most fishes are much
of the same shape, being very large in
proportion in the middle, and tapering towards
the head and tail; and this shape is given to them
because it is the most convenient for making
their way in the element for which they were
designed. They are also furnished with fins,
which assist them in moving through the water ;
and with the help of their tails, which serve
them for a rudder, they are enabled to turn to
any side at pleasure. It is said that a fish well
furnished with fins, will outstrip the swiftest ship
which ever sailed.

" Four-footed beasts are, for the most part,
covered with hair, and birds are provided with
feathers ; but as neither hair nor feathers would
be suitable for a creature living in water, fish are
provided with scales, under which is found a
kind of oil, which keeps them warm."

" But, uncle," said Henry Milner, " I do
not think that scales are so pretty as feathers, or
fine soft hair such as four-footed beasts are
clothed in."

“Many fish,” returned Mr. Dalben, “are covered with scales of beautiful colours, and having variations which are wonderfully rich and curious; but, after all we can say, fishes are certainly very inferior creatures to birds or beasts. There is no one of this class which has the least regard or care for its young ones, and many of them are even so unnatural as to feed upon their offspring. Neither have fishes the senses of hearing, or smelling, or tasting, or even of seeing, so perfect as those of birds and beasts. Some people even suppose that they have no power of hearing at all. They are also exceedingly cruel, being the most greedy creatures in the world, and devouring each other with the utmost voraciousness.”

By this time Mr. Dalben and Henry were come to the banks of the river, and there saw before them, at a little distance, a mill, situated near a bridge, over which the high road passed to the city of Worcester. A number of willows encircled and shaded the river in the neighbourhood, and the roaring of the water over a weir, some little way from the mill, might be heard at a considerable distance.

As Mr. Dalben had no mind to proceed to the mill, he sat down with Henry on the banks of the river, not far from the weir, saying to the

little boy, "Now, Henry, if we look for a fish we shall have a chance of seeing one, without needing the assistance of a shower of fishes; and as your eyes are young and quick, I expect that you will be the first to find this specimen which we need of our fourth class."

Henry, however, was some minutes before he succeeded in discerning a fish; at length he perceived one, which appeared for a moment on the surface of the water, and then dived again out of sight. On beholding it, however, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and said, "Now, uncle, we have only two more kinds of creatures to find, and those are insects and worms; and I now at this moment see thousands and tens of thousands of insects dancing upon the edge of the water. Look, uncle, look towards the side of the setting sun; there they are. I wonder I did not see them before; they seem to be all colours, and they are flying up and down, in and out, in a most violent hurry. Look, uncle, look."

"Why, my boy," said Mr. Dalben, "these little creatures seem to have communicated their agitation to you. What a bustle you are in! Come now, compose yourself, sit still, and I will explain a little of the nature of insects to you."

“ There are not any more curious creatures,” said Mr. Dalben, “ to be found in any class of animals than amongst insects, though many of them are so extremely small that we cannot see them without glasses. The formation of many of these little creatures is exceedingly and incomparably delicate. Some of them are covered as it were with coats of armour, polished like the finest steel, and jointed together in the most curious manner. Some are covered with down or very fine feathers, enriched with gold and azure, scarlet and violet. Some of them, particularly the ant and bee, discover a prudence and wisdom of which no other animal but man is capable ; and many of them show great fondness for their young ones. In short, my dear boy, it would take the whole of the longest life to understand but half the wonders of the works of God, in the insect tribe.”

Whilst Mr. Dalben was speaking, there suddenly appeared on the grass before them a beautiful butterfly ; which, having rested a moment on the cup of a buttercup, with which those meadows abound, rose up, and pursuing its irregular course, sometimes flew before them and sometimes rose in the air above their heads. Its wings were enriched with a variety of delicate

colours ; amongst which a pale yellow and purple were the most remarkable.

“ Of what class is that pretty creature ? ” said Mr. Dalben ; “ does it feed its young ones with its milk, Henry, do you think ? or is it a bird or a fish ? ”

“ Oh ! uncle,” replied Henry, somewhat conceitedly, “ do you think I don’t know it belongs to the fifth class ? it is an insect.”

“ Why so conceited, Master Milner ? ” said Mr. Dalben : “ surely you do not think yourself particularly clever, because you know the difference between a butterfly and a fish ? ”

“ No, uncle, I was not conceited,” said Henry, half ashamed.

“ Do not, my dear boy,” returned Mr. Dalben, “ defend yourself when you know that you are in fault ; but let me take this opportunity of explaining to you, that it is not uncommon for people whose hearts are not changed, when they first begin to learn any new thing, to be very conceited upon that subject ; but when they know a little more of the same thing, then they begin to find out their own deficiency, and are ashamed of their former conceit.”

“ But, uncle, do you not think that I am beginning to have a clean heart yet ? ”

“ I never think well of you, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “ when you are conceited ; because, as I have often before told you, when the Holy Spirit begins to change the heart, the first sign we perceive is, that the person becomes humble.”

“ Uncle, I will pray to be humble,” said Henry, taking his uncle’s hand and kissing it in a very gentle manner.

“ Do so, do so, dear boy,” said Mr. Dalben, tenderly. “ And now, my boy, I will tell you something about the butterfly. The people who lived in old times used to call a butterfly Psyche, or the soul. The soul is that part of a human creature which never dies : your soul will still live when your body is perishing in the grave.”

“ Uncle,” said Henry, “ I understand that about the soul, but I do not understand why people should call a butterfly the soul.”

“ I will tell you then,” said Mr. Dalben ; but because it is a difficult thing for a little boy like you to understand, you must attend to me with all your senses, and leave off digging that hole with that little bit of stick, and throwing up the mould upon your clothes. What are you doing that for ?”

“ I was looking for a worm, for the sixth class, uncle,” said Henry.

“Very well, very well,” said Mr. Dalben; “but if you choose to dig I shall not tell my story.”

“O do, pray tell it, uncle, and I will not look for a worm to-day; and I will tell you what, uncle, I have just thought of it; I need not give myself the trouble of digging for worms, for there is a great flat stone near Lion’s kennel, and there are always plenty of worms and grubs under that stone, where I can find them in a minute.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Dalben; “and now that matter is settled, perhaps you can attend to my story; but as the damp is rising from the river, we will walk home, and I will tell it as we go along.

“I was about to tell you why the ancients called a butterfly Psyche, or the soul. You have seen many caterpillars, Henry; they are something like worms or maggots, but they may be known by the number of their feet. Caterpillars are those creatures which produce butterflies: every body is acquainted with the shape and appearance of caterpillars; some of them are covered with hair, and others are quite smooth. Caterpillars have no wings, but creep about on the bark and leaves of the trees and shrubs on which they feed: they also often change their

outward coat. In this state the ancients compared the caterpillar to men when on earth; who, having no wings or power of lifting themselves from the ground, must be content to spend their lives in creeping about and seeking their food on the face of this earth.

“The caterpillar, having existed in its first form for a few weeks, enters into a new and curious state of being; it gradually becomes weak and unable to move actively about; its bright colours are pale and faded, and its body shrivelled and meager; it then begins to spin itself a web, in which it involves itself as in a winding-sheet, and there remains for a long time in a state of apparent lifelessness and inanimation. This state of the caterpillar was compared by the ancients to man when lying in his grave, dead, cold, and silent, and, as it were, without hope. When the creature has lain for a while in this state, as it were dead, the warmth of the sun at length revives it, in like manner as the power of God, in due time, shall awake the dead which sleep in the dust of the earth, according as it is written, ‘Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, sing ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.’ Isaiah, xxvi. 19.

“ And now we come to the last state of this insect, when he forces his passage through the covering in which he has been involved, and comes forth an inhabitant of the air, being richly clad with gold and purple, and with fringes and embroidery which surpass the finest needlework. Thus this little animal becomes the lively emblem of the first resurrection, when the redeemed soul and glorified body shall meet again, and be satisfied in finding themselves renewed in the likeness of their Redeemer.

“ And now I have explained to you, my dear little boy,” continued Mr. Dalben, “ wherefore the ancients, who were not acquainted with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, compared the butterfly to the soul, of the immortality of which they seemed to entertain no doubt.”

Mr. Dalben and Henry continued to talk on these subjects, suggested by the history of the caterpillar, till they were arrived at home, and it was time for Henry Milner to go to bed.

CHAP. XI.

Containing some Account of the sixth Class of Animals, and a Visit made by Henry Milner in Company with Mrs. Kitty, during which the young Gentleman lost some Credit, and was somewhat lowered in his own Opinion.

THE morning after the walk to the river's side, immediately after family prayers, which Mr. Dalben always solemnized before breakfast, Henry Milner disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned, holding a large earth-worm in the palm of his hand, which elegant creature he contrived to drop upon the table-cloth, as he was holding it forth triumphantly for Mr. Dalben's inspection, exclaiming with eagerness, "There, uncle! there it is, the largest I could find under the stone, and there are many more, but I thought one would be sufficient."

"Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, quietly, "quite sufficient; and now, my little man, carry the gentleman back to his abode under this wonderful stone, and do not disturb any more of the family at present."

Henry obeyed, and presently returning, Mr. Dalben, whose appetite for his breakfast was not greatly improved by the sight of little Henry Milner's specimen of the sixth class of animals, took this opportunity to give his pupil some general ideas upon the subject of the sixth class.

"The sixth class of animals," said Mr. Dalben, "consist of worms, leeches, slugs or snails, sea-anemones, cuttle-fish, star-fish, shell-fish of all sorts, and animal plants, such as corals, sponges, and polypes; besides which we must add those little animalcula which are found in vinegar and in corrupt water, in sour paste, and other decaying bodies.

"All these creatures, with the exception of shell-fish, are for the most part," continued Mr. Dalben, "very disgusting in their appearance; and some of them, such as corals, sponges, and polypuses, have apparently little more life or understanding than the herbs of the field, though they are known to be living animals: some of these take root upon rocks near the sea, and grow up into hard and solid branches; others are, however, soft, and show that they are endowed with life, because they shrink from the touch. But despicable as this class of creatures called vermes is, nevertheless we may learn many lessons by contemplating them.

“ When the Scripture would represent to us a person who is weak, mean, and despised in the world, it compares him to a worm of the earth, because nothing is more despicable than a worm. The friend of Job, when speaking of the appearance of man before God, uses this expression, ‘ How then can man be justified with God? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight; how much less man, that is a worm, and the son of man, which is a worm.’ Job, xxv. 4, 5, 6.

“ Humble and holy persons, Henry,” proceeded Mr. Dalben, “ persons who know their own natural vileness, will not be ashamed to compare themselves to worms: the holy Psalmist says, xxii. 6, ‘ I am a worm, and no man;’ and indeed, in some respects, the worms of the earth are better than we are; for they are as the Lord made them, but we have corrupted ourselves, and departed from the way of the Lord, and are thus become more vile than the meanest reptile.”

Henry looked grave, and said, “ Uncle, I think I shall never despise these creatures again, so much as I have done.”

By this time breakfast was finished, and Henry was called to his lessons. When the little boy was concluding his last task, Mrs. Kitty came

into the study, and asked her master's leave to go in the afternoon to see her sister, who lived about a mile distant, and to take Master Henry with her.

"You have my leave to go yourself, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben; "but as to taking Henry, I am persuaded that he will do you no credit; his spirits will rise, he will begin to chatter, and I fear that you will not check him as you ought to do."

"Indeed I will, Sir," said Mrs. Kitty; "I always do speak to him when he is rude."

"And I will be very good," said Henry.

"And I will keep him out of all mischief, Sir," said Kitty.

"And I will do every thing which Mrs. Kitty bids me," rejoined Henry.

"And I am sure little master will be good," added Mrs. Kitty.

"And so I suppose I must give my permission," said Mr. Dalben; "but I trust to you, Kitty, if he does not behave well, that you will never ask leave to take him out again."

Thus the matter was settled; and as soon as dinner was over, Master Henry took leave of his uncle, and walked off with Mrs. Kitty over the fields towards Malvern, it being on that side of the country where Mrs. Green's cottage stood, for Green was the name of Kitty's sister.

Their way lay, first through a long field; after which they entered upon a little coppice, where Henry amused himself in gathering vetches; at length they came out into a hop-yard, where the people were busy in dressing the hops.

At the end of the hop-yard was Mrs. Green's cottage, standing in a garden surrounded by a high quick hedge: the cottage was low and thatched, and the garden was curiously disposed in beds of flowers, straight green walks, and a variety of fruit-trees and vegetables.

Mrs. Green, who expected her sister, was dressed in her best flowered gown and lawn apron; and her two daughters, for she was a widow, were also set forth in their best. At sight of Henry and Mrs. Kitty, they came out at the door, and received them with a hearty welcome.

"And so, Master Milner," said Mrs. Green, "this is mighty kind of you to come so far to see us poor folks. Well, this is a great honour indeed, Betsy," she added, speaking to her eldest daughter, "for little master to be coming to our poor cottage. Come, Master Milner; please, Sir, to be seated; you must have the big chair."

"Nay, sister," said Mrs. Kitty in a whisper, "do not be making too much of the child, he will grow troublesome upon it, and master will blame me."

It was vain for Mrs. Kitty to expostulate; Mrs. Green and her daughters continued to compliment Master Henry, serving him with the first and best at tea, till the young gentleman, by degrees, grew very pert, and began to chatter at no small rate, and with no great degree of discretion.

After having talked at random for some time, whilst the party were assembled round the tea-table, a large frog appeared sprawling over the little narrow walk which ran from the house door to the gate.

"Ah," said Kitty, "look at that frightful creature; sister Green, I wonder you don't clear your garden of those frogs; I would as soon meet a thief in the dark as a frog."

Mrs. Green laughed, and said, "Oh, they do no harm; why should you be afraid of them?"

Here Master Henry took upon himself to show off. "Those creatures do no harm, Mrs. Kitty," said the young gentleman; "they are of the class amphibia; that is, of the third class; some of that class are, indeed, very mischievous; but frogs never hurt any one."

"Amphibia," said Mrs. Kitty: "what a word is that, Master Henry? how can you use such words?"

"It is not English, Mrs. Kitty," said Henry,

“ you don’t understand it I know, *but I do*; it means the creatures who live half on land and half in water, as frogs and toads do.”

Mrs. Green looked with admiration at her sister, and said, “ Dear me, but to hear how he talks !”

“ There are six classes of living creatures,” said Henry, being encouraged by Mrs. Green : “ first, those which feed their young ones with milk, such as cows, and dogs, and cats, and bats, and rats, and sheep : and then there is the second class, aves ; that is, birds ; and the third, amphibia ; and the fourth, pisces, fish ; and the fifth, insects ; and the sixth, vermes or worms. Now, Mrs. Green, you must not despise worms ; for you know, that when we are full of sin we are no better than worms.”

“ There again,” said Mrs. Green ; “ what words are those to come out of the mouth of such a babe ! is not it wonderful ? Did you ever hear the like of this ?”

Mrs. Kitty was pleased that Henry should be able to do himself so much credit before Mrs. Green ; however, she had prudence enough to say, “ You know, sister, that he does not find out these things of his own head, but that it is master which teaches him ; and then you know it is no wonder if he knows more than we do.”

"Oh but!" said Mrs. Green, "it is a wonder how such a young creature should be able to keep all these things in his head, and speak them so properly as he does."

By this time the young gentleman was become so conceited, that he could not sit still; and so having eaten and drank as much as he could conveniently swallow, he got up, stalked about the room, and then went out into the garden, having received an injunction not to go beyond the quick hedge. Thus little master being in a manner let loose, knew not what to be about next, in order to spend his spirits. The first thing he did was to pursue Mrs. Green's ducks round the house, calling out, "Quack, quack, quack," as they waddled before him, until they made their escape through the bottom of the hedge into the next field: he then espied an old owl hid in a tree; this owl was a pet of Mrs. Dolly, Mrs. Green's younger daughter. He was of an iron-gray colour, having his eyes covered over with a kind of film, which he had power to draw over them when the light of day was too strong for him; for these creatures are formed for flying about in the night, and committing plunder upon their harmless neighbours.

As soon as Master Henry observed this owl in the tree, he began to call to him, making a

low bow and saying, "Your servant, old gentleman; your wig is well powdered, and your nose is exactly fit for a pair of spectacles." The owl, however, being well accustomed to the human voice, took no manner of notice of Henry; whereupon he began picking up sods to throw at him, which was very cruel sport, as he might have severely hurt the poor creature by so doing: however, as he did not aim very exactly, the sods did not reach the owl; so, being soon tired of this fruitless sport, he looked round again for something to amuse him; and seeing a ladder set against the side of the house, he climbed up it, and scrambling along the sloping thatch, he reached the very highest part of the roof, astride which he set himself, and trying to fancy that the house was an elephant, he pretended to be urging it forward, as if it were actually moving.

In this manner the evening passed away, and Mrs. Kitty preparing to go home, bethought herself of Henry, and sent her nieces to call him. And now Master Henry being mounted at the top of the house, had the pleasure of hearing himself called for, and saw Mrs. Betty and Mrs. Dolly running here and there in quest of him; neither of them thinking of looking for him where he really was. This pleased Master Henry

mightily, and he kicked his elephant, and rode away famously in his own conceit.

When Mrs. Green's daughters returned to the house, they excited such an alarm, that out came Mrs. Kitty and Mrs. Green, calling Master Henry so loud, that they might be heard a quarter of a mile distant. In answer to which noise, Henry joined crying, "O! O! Henry Milner, where are you? Where are you, Sir? Don't you hear the people call you?" At the sound of his voice, the women all looked up together, exclaiming, "O Master Milner! you little rogue! how you have frightened us; and how did you get up there? and how are you to get down, you naughty boy? I declare you have frightened me almost out of my life."

Master Henry, however, did not find much trouble in getting down; and Mrs. Kitty, having brushed the bits of dry thatch off from his coat, they set off towards home, Mrs. Green and her daughters accompanying them part of the way.

Mrs. Green proposed that they should return by a different path from that by which they had come; and accordingly they turned down a long narrow lane, at the end of which was a little brook, which they were to cross by a narrow wooden bridge. Master Henry was as rude in the lane as you

please, though Mrs. Kitty continued from time to time calling to him to remember himself, and to behave himself, saying that she would be sure to tell his uncle how unlucky he had been.

There is, however, a kind of inefficient scolding which is sure to make the object thereof more unruly than before; and this was precisely the kind of scolding which Mrs. Kitty chose to adopt on this occasion; in consequence of which the young gentleman became so very rude, that Mrs. Kitty at length grew angry, and attempting to catch hold of the naughty boy, he ran down the lane, got upon the wooden bridge afore mentioned, and stood jumping upon it with all his might; on seeing this, Mrs. Green screamed, Mrs. Kitty scolded, Mrs. Betty called, and Mrs. Dolly ran forward with all speed; nevertheless, all their efforts to prevent mischief proved vain. The plank broke in the very centre, and Master Milner came tumbling into the brook, bringing the bridge down with him. The water was not indeed very deep, but there was enough of it to wet the little boy to his knees as he stood up; but as he fell with the bridge, though not otherwise hurt, he was covered with mud and moisture up to his shoulders.

Mrs. Kitty was now thoroughly vexed and frightened; however, she and her nieces soon

contrived to pull the little boy out of the water, and passing over the brook as well as they could, some of the party made the best of their way towards home.

Mr. Dalben was walking in his garden, when Mrs. Kitty and her younger niece appeared, leading Master Henry between them ; for Mrs. Green and her elder daughter were gone back.

The whole party were handsomely bedaubed with mud, and Mrs. Kitty was looking not a little disconcerted, neither was Master Milner altogether in quite such high spirits as when explaining his six classes to Mrs. Green and her daughters.

“ Why, Kitty,” said Mr. Dalben, “ what is the matter ? Where have you all been ? Henry, my boy, what can you possibly have been about ? have you been improving your acquaintance with the *amphibia* ? ”

“ O Sir ! ” said Mrs. Kitty, “ Master Henry would not mind what I said to him ; and he broke down the bridge, Sir ; and he has been in the brook.”

“ Well, well,” said Mr. Dalben, “ you must not blame me ; I told you how it would be : but make all possible haste now ; get his clothes off and his bed warmed, and I will come in a few minutes with something for him to drink.”

All this while Henry said not a word ; but being speedily stripped and put into a warm bed, he lay quietly, expecting the arrival of his uncle, with that which was to be taken inwardly, which he greatly feared might prove a dose of no agreeable nature ; but, as I have made my chapter long, I shall close it in this place, and give an account in my next of Mr. Dalben's visit to Henry's bedside, with sundry other particulars.

CHAP. XII.

Containing a Conversation between Mr. Dalben and Henry ; with a Visit to the Gardener.

Mr. Dalben soon returned to Henry with something for him to drink; it was warm; but, although it had a bitter taste, Henry did not refuse to receive it, but swallowed it without hesitation; for he was conscious that he had behaved ill and deserved punishment. After Henry had taken what Mr. Dalben offered to him, Mr. Dalben sat down by his bed-side, and entered into discourse with him.

“ Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “ you have behaved ill to-day.”

Henry was silent.

“ Be sincere with me, Henry; am I not right? Have not you behaved ill this evening?” repeated Mr. Dalben.

“ I have, uncle,” said Henry.

“ I expected it would be so,” said Mr. Dalben, “ because, when you set out, you were very conceited, very full of yourself, and perfectly assured that you should do well. Old as I am,

Henry, if I were to go out any day in such a state of mind, I should certainly do something very ridiculous, or perhaps very wicked, before I returned."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, astonished at this remark, "I am sure you could never be either wicked or foolish."

"Then you do not suppose," said Mr. Dalben, "that I am a child of Adam, but perhaps some angel come down from heaven?"

"No, uncle," said little Henry, "I do not think that you are an angel."

"And yet," said Mr. Dalben, "you think that if I were to become conceited, I should not do foolish things."

"But, uncle," said Henry, "you would not be conceited."

"Why not?" said Mr. Dalben: "why should not I be proud and conceited as well as you? have not I as much to make me proud as you have?"

"Yes, uncle," said Henry, "a great deal more; but you are wise, and I am foolish."

"You have not yet found out the reason wherefore I am not conceited, Henry," said Mr. Dalben. "It is not because I am really wiser than you are; but because I have been led to see, by frequent and repeated experience, that I

cannot do well without help from God. I have indeed often told you the same thing, and assured you, that from day to day, from hour to hour, from one minute to another, you cannot conduct yourself properly, unless upheld by God; or which, at your age is the same thing, without being guarded by the watchful care of him who stands in the same relation to you as your heavenly Father; namely, your paternal friend: but this truth has not yet sunk into your heart; and, notwithstanding all that you have heard on this subject, you are ever ready to depart from this friend, and to set up for behaving well, in your own proper strength; and this, dear boy, is the cause of the disgrace into which you fall, whenever you leave me."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I will not ask to go out without you, another time. Indeed, uncle, I am always most happy when I am with you, and when I never leave your side. Dear uncle, do not give me leave," continued the little boy, "to go out without you again." So saying, he burst into tears, and lifting himself up in bed, he put his arms round Mr. Dalben's neck, and sobbed aloud.

"Dear child," said Mr. Dalben, "I pray that you may have been taught, from this day's experience, wherein your true happiness consists;

that is, first in the presence, the affection, and instruction of me your father, who for a while am to stand in the place of your God, for the paternal authority is from the Lord; and the child who loves, honours, and obeys his earthly father, for the sake of his God, will in consequence, there is no doubt, in after-life, be enabled to look up more directly to his heavenly Parent for his assistance and help: for, the sacred feelings of filial piety are, as it were, but the buds and blossom of those Christian principles which are the foundation of a holy and happy life."

Mr. Dalben then left Henry, having first offered a prayer by the side of his bed: and the next day, after the little boy had done his lessons, he took him out to walk with him, telling him that he was going to show him something which he hoped would make plain some part of their discourse the day before.

Mr. Dalben took little Henry into the lane of which we have formerly spoken; and, having passed along the well-known path for some way, he came to a stile, over which they climbed, and entered into a narrow path, which led them, after many turnings and windings, to a small wooden door, which formed an opening in a quick hedge, which was neatly trimmed, and was considerably higher than little Henry Milner.

Mr. Dalben pushed this door gently open, and entering through the door-way, was followed by little Henry, who was surprised to find himself in a large piece of land laid out as a nursery and flower-garden, the ground being divided into small beds, each of which was devoted to some particular kind of tree or plant. A long straight walk extended from the door at the entrance to the other end of the garden, and was terminated by a kind of alcove or wooden building, open in front and furnished with benches.

“Oh! uncle,” said Henry, “what a beautiful garden! I never was here before: who does it belong to?”

“I will not say much for the beauty of this garden,” said Mr. Dalben, “because it is too stiff and formal. A garden, in order to look beautiful, should, in some degree, partake of the wildness and irregularity of natural scenes; that is, such scenes as you saw near the ruins of Jane Crawley’s cottage. But this belongs to a gardener, whose business it is to rear and sell young plants, and to whom the beauty of it is of little consequence. We will walk on to the end of this garden, and sit down to rest on that seat which you see at a distance, and then I will talk to you a little of the nature of vegetables, and tell you how they are classed in the same manner which I have

adapted in explaining the classification of animals."

Mr. Dalben and Henry then walked on to the end of the garden, and having seated themselves in the wooden building above mentioned, they entered into the following discourse.

"It is said of Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "that he knew every herb of the field, from the cedar which groweth in Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall. But I fear, Henry, if you were to be examined, it would be found that you scarcely are acquainted with one single subject of the vegetable kingdom."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "why do you say so, uncle? I know a great many flowers, and trees, and vegetables. I know cabbages, and potatoes, and dandelions, and gilliflowers, and snowdrops, and snapdragons, and gooseberries, and currants."

"Stop, stop, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "not so fast, my boy. You can tell the names of all these and many more, when you see them; but do you understand their different parts, and their natures, and their families?"

Henry looked a little blank upon this, and said, "Uncle, I don't understand you."

"Why, I only mean to say, my dear, that

you at present know no more of all the trees and flowers which you have seen, than you would know of the people in Worcester, if I were to take you to walk in the streets of that city. You would know that these people were men and women, but you would not know their qualities, whether they were good or bad, or even their names or the families to which they belong. But when you have studied the history of the vegetable kingdom, you will be able to discover the name and nature of every flower and plant you see; and you will perceive that they are all arranged in order, and distributed in regular classes like the living creatures, the six orders of which I have described to you. The knowledge of the vegetable kingdom is called botany," proceeded Mr. Dalben. "When you are older, Henry, if I am spared to you and you to me, and all is well, we will study this pleasant subject. We will make ourselves first acquainted with all the trees and plants round about us; and then we will climb the hills, and descend into the vallies, and among the woods and waterfalls, to find out new varieties of these beautiful works of God. I hope we shall have many pleasant walks together, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "when we are studying botany; and when we meet with a flower which we have not

seen before, we shall find new occasion to praise Him who has adorned these little flowers of the fields and vallies with beauties so various, so exquisite, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Mr. Dalben then explained to Henry Milner, that every plant consists of seven parts; viz. its root, its buds, its trunk, its leaves, its props, its inflorescence, and its fructification.

"You know what roots are, Henry," said Mr. Dalben.

"O yes, uncle," said Henry; "they are the long strings which go down into the ground."

"All plants," said Mr. Dalben, "excepting sea-weeds, have roots. The roots of some trees are said to be larger than the upper or visible parts of them. Buds, or bulbs, are those parts of the root which are round, or long, and solid, such as you see in tulips and potatoes."

"And onions, uncle," said Henry, "are not they the same?"

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Dalben; "and there are many other plants whose bulbs are large. But all plants have buds and bulbs, though not so plainly to be discovered as those we have mentioned. Next to the buds or bulbs of plants come the stems or stalks. There are many kinds of stems or stalks. Some are

strong and firm, and branched like the trunks of trees. Some are hollow, like the stems of grasses and corn; others bear only flowers without leaves, and are soft and tender, like the primrose; and others are like that of the mushroom."

"Mushrooms, uncle," said Henry, "are mushrooms vegetables?"

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Dalben, "but of a nature very different from other vegetables.—The fourth part of a plant, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "is its leaves. You know what leaves are; they are the elegant clothings of our woods and forests, being for the most part of a fine green. Leaves are of endless variety with regard to their shape, and to them our woodland scenes owe all their shadowy beauties. Amongst these the birds make their dwelling, and they afford to the weary traveller a refreshing shade from the burning rays of the noon-day sun. When Adam dwelt in Paradise, he had no other canopy than these to shelter him from the gentle dews of evening. And when the period of the millennium shall arrive, these will again become the only protection of the blessed subjects of our Lord; for in those glorious days they shall dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods. And now, my

dear Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "I have pointed out to you the four first parts of a plant, tell me how many more remain."

"Three, uncle," said Henry.

"True, my boy; and these are, the props, inflorescences, and fructifications. The prop is that leafy appendage which we see to some flowers and stems, such as the rose. The thorns also and bristles, or hairs, which we see in many flowers, are also called props. Can you point out to me any plants which you can recollect as having these?"

"Yes, uncle," said Henry; "moss roses have hair upon them, and gooseberries have thorns."

"The inflorescence," continued Mr. Dalben, "is that beautiful part of a plant which is called the flower. These are of all colours and all shapes, wonderfully various, exquisitely beautiful, emitting the most delightful odours, and wanting nothing but immortality to render them fit to adorn the mansions of the blessed. But the sentence of death has passed on these beautiful works of God; and as they are the most lovely and otherwise perfect of his works in the natural world, so they are undoubtedly of all others the most perishable.—The seventh and last part of a plant," continued Mr. Dalben,

“is the fructification, which is that part which produces seed and fruit. It is from this part of the flower that persons who study these things are enabled to find out the classes of plants. Plants are divided into twenty-four classes. When you are older, my dear boy, as I before said, I mean to explain these classes to you; but their names are now so difficult, that you could not remember them.”

Whilst Mr. Dalben was speaking to this effect, the owner of the garden appeared. He made a bow to Mr. Dalben, whom he knew very well; and looking at Henry, “Is that little Master Milner?” he said; “I remember his dear papa at the very same age.” So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and presented him with a fine summer apple and two plums. Henry looked at Mr. Dalben for leave to take them, and having received the desired permission, he took out his pocket-knife, and dividing the apple, he gave half of it with one plum to his uncle. Mr. Dalben did not reject his little present; and as they were now sufficiently rested, they followed the gardener, who wished to show Mr. Dalben some beautiful flowers which he had in bloom, and some trees which he had lately grafted.

After having looked at these flowers, which

were esteemed very precious on account of their rarity, Mr. Dalben cast his eyes on a moss rose full of buds and full-blown flowers, and after having contemplated it for a while, he said to the gardener, "After all you have shown us, Mr. Baring, I still return to my original opinion, that there is no flower on earth in all respects equal to the moss rose."

"Sir," said the gardener, "I am much of the same opinion as you are. Take the rose for colouring, scent, and beauty of shape, I doubt whether it has its equal in the world."

"You know, Mr. Baring," said Mr. Dalben, "that our blessed Saviour compares himself in Solomon's Song to the rose: 'I am the Rose of Sharon,' he says. Methinks I have ever loved the rose since I learnt that it has afforded a similitude to the perfections of the Saviour."

"Sir," said the gardener, "it is wonderful how many curious thoughts I have had since the time when you first began to talk to me about my trade as a gardener, showing me how honourable and distinguished a business it is, inasmuch as it was the business of the first man when in a state of innocence in Paradise. You have caused to me think better of my situation ever since, and have made me anxious that the chief

glory of Eden, namely, the presence of God, should be found again in my garden."

"And do you recollect, Mr. Baring," said Mr. Dalben, "what I said to you respecting that period which is promised when the world will again become as a blooming and fertile garden?"

"Ay, Sir," said the gardener, "I have not forgotten it. The time you allude to is, when Christ shall reign over all the world; when the wicked will be destroyed, and none but the holy and beloved of the Lord will be left to dwell upon the face of the earth."

"Had man never sinned," said Mr. Dalben, "the whole earth would have been as one blooming and fertile Eden; and when Satan is bound, and the wicked destroyed, then will the wilderness blossom again as the rose; then will the field be joyful, and all that therein is; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box-tree together, to beautify the place of his sanctuary."

"O Sir," said the gardener, "since it first pleased God to put it into your mind to show me how I might improve myself, by the many emblems which nature supplies in an extensive

garden, I have been brought to make a thousand comparisons between the natural and spiritual world; and I have set myself to consider what may be learnt from trees, and plants, and herbs, and have discovered many things which have, I trust, proved profitable to me. Why, Sir, it appears to me, in Scripture, that both good and wicked men are often compared to trees; for the Psalmist says, ‘The godly shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruits in his season’ (Psalm i. 3); and John the Baptist says, ‘The ax is laid to the root of the tree; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.’ (Matt. vii. 19.) And having thus thought, Sir, when I see an unfruitful tree in my garden, and am preparing to cut it down, it makes me feel many a twinge in my own heart, for I think, if all worthless trees were to be thus cut down, what, Sir, would become of me? And then, Sir, when I see a tree growing kindly, and bringing forth fruit in abundance, there again is a lesson for me; who am, as it were, so worthless and barren.”

“There is another lesson to be learnt from trees, Mr. Baring,” said Mr. Dalben, “which, I think, I never pointed out to you, at least I am sure I never did to this little man

here ; and therefore, if you please to lead on towards the trees you grafted last year, I will take the occasion to point it out to him."

" Ah! Sir," said the gardener smiling, " I think I have some little notion of what you are going to say."

The gardener then led the way through a long grass walk, bordered on each side with parterres of flowers ; and while they went slowly forward Mr. Dalben thus spake to Henry :

" My dear Henry," he said, " I have spoken to you, times without end, concerning the wickedness of man's heart, and the necessity of his becoming a new creature before he is admitted into the kingdom of heaven. This new nature, which he must receive if he is to be saved, is called regeneration, or the new birth, and is thus spoken of by our Lord Jesus Christ ; ' Unless a man is born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' It is God the Holy Spirit who changes man's heart and makes him a new creature ; and this change is compared in Scripture to the effect produced by the grafting of trees."

" What is that, uncle?" said Henry.

" Come on a little farther, young gentleman," said the gardener, " and I will try to ex-

plain it to you. There, Sir, do you see before you a patch of small trees, some of them being loaded with fine apples, and others only bearing a few, being too young to supply nourishment to much fruit? It was from one of these trees that I just now gathered the apple which I gave you. You remarked how sweet and good it was, and full of juice. Now, Sir, the time was when all those little trees which bear this sweet fruit were no other than crabs, producing such fruit as you could not eat without setting your teeth on edge and making you sick. Now one would think that such trees were only good to be cut down and burnt; but, instead of destroying them, we lopped off their upper branches, leaving nothing but the stem or trunk, and opening a small place at the top of this trunk, we inserted a branch of fruit-bearing apple, and covering the place over with thick clay, we left the new branch to grow and incorporate itself with the old stock, and thus the barren and useless tree became a valuable and fruit-bearing plant. And in this manner, my young master, as your good uncle laid it out to me years ago, our old nature, which is barren and full of evil, must be cut down and a new nature grafted in, and thus we shall be enabled

to produce good and holy works acceptable unto the Lord." The gardener then turned to Mr. Dalben, and said, " My good Sir, I never graff an old stock with a good branch, but this which you have told me concerning the need of a new nature being put into us, comes into my mind."

" You cannot have a better thought," replied Mr. Dalben ; " only you have failed to tell little Henry Milner, what I nevertheless trust you have not forgotten yourself; that this new nature which must be put into us is the divine one. Christ is the branch to which we must be united if we are to be saved; for the Lord says, ' He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing.' And this was what my little boy experienced last night, for he went out, Mr. Baring, yesterday, not doubting his own strength, and not depending on help from above; and he was like one of your crab stocks, he produced no good, but plainly showed what a poor worthless, helpless thing a little boy is who depends on his own strength to do well."

" Indeed ! " said the gardener; " but we must hope that Master Milner will never again trust in his own strength."

Mr. Dalben then took leave of the gardener,

who was so kind as to give Henry two or three more apples before they separated, and the little boy took them home to divide them between himself and his beloved uncle. Neither did he forget to put one apart for Mrs. Kitty.

CHAP. XIII.

Giving an Account of Henry Milner during his eighth Year; with the History of the green Bag.

I HAVE now related to you many events which took place in the life of little Henry Milner, when he was between six and seven years of age; and I hope that you have been profited by some parts of these accounts, and amused by others.

When Henry entered his eighth year, he could read English very well, he knew something of the outline of geography, was acquainted with the names of the planets, and had some notion how they moved round the sun, and how many moons attended each planet. He had endeavoured to draw many plans of the solar system, that is, of the sun, with the planets and their moons, on his slate.

He knew all the pretty stories in the Bible, and had learnt many chapters of the New Testament by heart. He could repeat most of Watts's Hymns, could do sums in simple addition, and had begun to learn to write. He had also

obtained a good idea of general grammar; and by means of constantly conversing with his uncle when walking out, had acquired a great deal of knowledge, for such a little boy, of plants and animals, and other such things as people meet with every day in their walks, but often pass over disregarded, because they are either thinking of nothing at all, or of those kinds of subjects which are of no use.

Mr. Dalben was very well satisfied with what little Henry had learnt; and he was also rejoiced to find that his temper daily improved, and that he did not set up his will, as formerly, against his uncle; neither did he show such irritation as he had formerly done, when disappointed or vexed by any accident.

I promised you, that I would give you an account of a certain green bag, which Mr. Dalben was so kind as to allow Henry to keep in the closet in the parlour.

This green bag was the general repository of Henry's treasure; and one would have thought that there could be no fear of its being stolen, because the bag, together with all its contents, would never have fetched any thing like the value of a silver sixpence. The bag was made of a part of an old green baize floor-cloth, put together with infinite labour by Henry himself; and

the contents were an extraordinary assemblage of nails, string, snail-shells, scraps of paper, sticks, old phials, and bits of broken plates, which Henry used as pallets and painting-stones.

It happened one day, soon after Henry had attained his ninth year, that Mrs. Kitty threatening a thorough cleaning of the study, and a general dusting of the books, Mr. Dalben, after several ineffectual expostulations on the subject, made his escape immediately after breakfast, accompanied by Henry, intending to spend the morning in the woods, and to dine and drink tea with a clergyman who resided in the neighbourhood.

As soon as Mr. Dalben was clear off the premises, Mrs. Kitty began her operations; being aided by Thomas, Sally, and the old woman, of whom mention was before made, on occasion of Henry's being concealed in the cupboard.

Who shall presume to give an account of the clouds of dust which were now excited, and of the violent concussions and agitations which took place, whilst Mrs. Kitty and her coadjutants turned chairs, tables, carpets, cushions, rugs, and sofas out of the window?

Every thing, however, went on successfully, till Mrs. Kitty, in an unfortunate moment, cast her eyes on Henry's green bag which lay in a corner of the light closet: and there she be-

held a large snail crawling upon the outside of the bag, with its shell on its back, and its horns erected in a most formidable manner.

It happened, that Henry had been the day before in quest of snail-shells, and, though often warned to the contrary, had brought home one or two with their inhabitants still alive and well, and in high preservation, within them. He had not done this with the actual intention of being disobedient, but through carelessness, which is next in degree, with respect to criminality, to intentional disobedience. Let, however, this be as it may, the sight of this snail filled Mrs. Kitty with almost as much horror as if she had seen a serpent coiled up in the corner of the closet; and such was her indignation, that she took up the bag with the tongs, and threw it out, together with all its inestimable contents, into an ash-hole in the yard, muttering as she went and returned, "I wonder master will allow such rubbish and vermin to be in the parlours. Master used to be so particular, and would not allow a dog even to walk over the carpet; and now he suffers the child to litter the house from top to bottom. It is downright impossible to keep things clean and wholesome, whilst such doings are permitted."

Notwithstanding the unfortunate circum-

stance of the snail being found on the green bag, Mrs. Kitty had finished her operations, much to her own liking, by eight o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Dalben and Henry returned.

The next morning, Henry having done his prescribed lessons, and received permission to play, went to his usual corner to look for his bag ; but no bag was to be found. The little boy, never suspecting that his friend Mrs. Kitty would be so treacherous as to put away his treasures, searched in all his accustomed haunts, but in vain. The bag was not in his bed-room or his little garden ; for Mr. Dalben had given him a bit of ground to dig in and plant radishes ; nor in Lion's kennel, where he used now and then to put it, when his uncle called him to walk, and he had not time to run into the house with it ; nor in the hollow tree in the garden ; nor under his pillow. No—it was not to be found any where ; and the little boy, full of grief, came to Mr. Dalben, to tell him of his distress.

Mr. Dalben, who was never deaf to Henry's complaints, got up from his desk, where he was writing, to look in his own cupboards, if by chance the bag might be found in any of them ; but not finding it, he recollected the concussion which had taken place the day before, and suggested the idea, that Mrs. Kitty had perhaps

removed the bag, recommending it to the little boy to make some inquiries of her respecting it. At the idea of Mrs. Kitty's taking away his treasure, Henry's indignation rose, and he walked out into the kitchen, in a state of high displeasure, and seeing the housekeeper, he said, "Where did you put my bag, Mrs. Kitty?"

"What bag?" said the housekeeper, still going on with certain preparations for cooking which she had in hand.

"*My* bag," said Henry, swelling with passion; "my green bag."

"What! your bag of rubbish?" returned Kitty—"have you lost it?"

"Yes," said Henry, "and you know where it is."

"I am sure it is not worth stealing," returned the housekeeper.

"Then why did you take it?" said the little boy.

"How do you know I have taken it?" said Mrs. Kitty.

"I know you have," said Henry, "I know by your face; and if you won't tell me, I will complain to my uncle, that I will."

"Do then, Sir," said Mrs. Kitty; "and tell him also, that you had live snails and all kind of vermin in it."

By this time Henry was in a violent passion, and seeing Thomas in the garden, he ran out to make his complaints to him.

Thomas could not help smiling at the violent heat and agitation of the child. However, he told the little boy, that he had seen Mrs. Kitty carry out the bag with the tongs, and that he believed she had put it into the ash-hole.

“ Oh ! did she ? ” said Henry ; “ then I will soon have it out.” Accordingly, he ran to the place, brought out the bag, which was covered with ashes, and presently appeared on the outside of the kitchen window, which was open, it being summer-time. With the bag slung over his shoulders, his hands and face, and his nankeen coat, being black with ashes,

“ Oh, oh, Mrs. Kitty,” said Henry, calling through the window ; “ and so I have discovered your tricks. I have got my bag in spite of you. I have found it ; you shan’t have it again.” So saying, he darted through the hall door into the study, and laid his bag of treasures, ashes and all, on the Turkey carpet at the feet of his uncle.

Mr. Dalben had scarcely had time to wonder at the extraordinary appearance of Henry, who looked not very unlike a little chimney-sweeper,

with his bag of soot on his back, before Mrs. Kitty rushed into the parlour in a state of the most violent indignation; at sight of whom, Henry snatched up his bag, and ran to the other side of his uncle's chair; by the same motion, making the dust fly over his uncle's coat and neckcloth, and causing the old gentleman to cough with considerable violence.

Mrs. Kitty did not, however, wait till Mr. Dalben had recovered his breath, before she gave utterance to her anger. "Sir," she said, "I hope you will please to punish Master Henry; for, it is no use for me to be slaving myself to death to keep your house clean, if he is to be allowed to play such pranks. You might as well, Sir, have one of the sweeps in your house, as Master Milner in the condition he now is. Please, Sir, to look at his coat, and his face and hands; did you ever see the like? Did you ever see any one in such a shocking condition?"

Mr. Dalben looked at Kitty, then at Henry, being unable to comprehend any thing at all of the matter. The excessive anger of the house-keeper, and the extraordinary dirtiness of Henry's appearance, at length, however, set him to laugh; by which he inflamed in no small degree the anger of Mrs. Kitty; who thereupon began again to expostulate. "Cleaning as I was," she said,

“all yesterday, I, and Thomas, and Sally, and Betty Lea, all day long; and so nice as the study looked; and to think that Master Milner should have got down into the ash-hole, to daub himself all over, and then come in here, treading the ashes all over your best carpet—indeed, Sir, it is very provoking.”

“Is that true, Henry?” said Mr. Dalben.

“Yes, uncle,” said Henry; “I went in for my bag, which Mrs. Kitty had put there.”

Mr. Dalben now began to comprehend the state of the case, and to have some notion of the cause of the quarrel between Mrs. Kitty and the little boy; and as he doubted not, but that Henry had been hasty and impertinent, he insisted on his begging the housekeeper's pardon. After which, he delivered him into the hands of Thomas, who put him into a tub of water; with the help of which, and a suit of clean clothes, he was presently put into a decent plight; and with the assistance of a broom and duster in the parlour, all was again brought into good order; especially as Sally very kindly undertook to wash the green bag, and to restore it to its former respectable condition.

In the afternoon of this same day, whilst Henry was still humbled under the shame of his misdemeanour, Mr. Dalben took him out to

walk; and whilst they were together, they fell into the following discourse.

“ Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “ let us talk a little about the affair of the green bag. Did you behave ill in that matter, do you think? let us consider the point.”

“ Uncle,” said Henry, “ I think Mrs. Kitty should not have thrown it among the ashes.”

“ And you ought not to have brought living snails into the house,” said Mr. Dalben.

“ I did not intend to do it, uncle,” said Henry; “ I did not see that there were snails in the shells.”

“ When we are told to attend to any duty, Henry,” returned Mr. Dalben, “ we must not plead carelessness as an excuse, and I will give you this reason; because carelessness will not be received as an excuse at the day of judgment. It will not do then to say, I have done wrong; but it was not because I intended to do wrong, but because I was thinking of something else. The holy God will not receive this as an excuse; and it is always wise and prudent for us to judge ourselves, as we shall be hereafter judged. The ignorance and carelessness of men, and women, and children, Henry, is the effect and consequence of sin: people are ignorant because they will not learn, and careless because they will

not be attentive; and this is easily proved, because, when sin is overcome by the influences of the Holy Spirit, men, and women, and children immediately begin to acquire knowledge, and at the same time lose a great deal of that carelessness, which we see in most persons, whose hearts are not changed."

"But," said Henry, "was it kind of Mrs. Kitty to throw my bag among the ashes?"

"Was it kind of you, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "to bring so much dirt into the parlour, after Kitty had been at such trouble to clean it? And so, if you speak of unkindness, you have been quite as unkind as Kitty. And now, Henry, I must point out to you another thing, in which you have acted wrong this day. Our Lord Jesus Christ, though God in human flesh, thought it a duty to submit himself to his mother and to the man who was called his father; he lived with them, and was subject to them, till he was thirty years of age: thus he gave us the example of a proper conduct towards parents and elders; and we find in Scripture, precepts without end to this purpose: 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' Eph. vi. 1.—'Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' Col. iii. 20. And not only ought we to obey and honour our

parents, but to respect all those who are older than ourselves, in whatever rank or situation in life they may be; and to those who have taken care of us in our infancy we owe an especial regard. On this account, Henry, you acted particularly ill this morning, in showing so much disrespect for Kitty; and I hope, my boy, when you return, that you will go to her with all your heart, and express your sorrow, and beg her to love you as she used to do."

During the remainder of the walk little Henry looked very serious; but I have reason to believe, that, at that time, the Holy Spirit of God was dealing with his heart; for, as soon as he got home, he ran to his cupboard, brought out his green bag, which Sally had washed, and in which he had again put all his little treasure; and carrying it into the kitchen, where Mrs. Kitty was at work, he laid it at her feet, and bursting into tears, he said, "There, Mrs. Kitty, take my bag, and do what you please with it; only forgive me for all my naughtiness, and love me as you used to do."

Mrs. Kitty was quite overcome with this generous conduct of the little boy. She threw down her work, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him many times, whilst the tears ran down her cheeks.

“Take your bag again, dear Master Milner,” she said: “I am very sorry that I was so angry with you this morning: I never will put away your poor treasures again; no, never as long as I live.” So saying she took up the bag, put it again into Henry’s hand, and he heard her say, whilst running out of the kitchen, “He is just like his dear father, Sally, just such another; the Lord Almighty bless him!”

And thus I conclude the history of the green bag, in a manner which, I think, will be agreeable to all little boys who love God.

CHAP. XIV.

Containing the History of the white Rabbit.

ONE day, not long after the events above related, Mr. Dalben took Henry to walk towards Malvern.

Henry was now able to take much longer walks than he formerly did, without being tired; and the pleasant discourse which Mr. Dalben used to hold with him when they walked out, rendered these periods of exercise the happiest moments of his life.

As the direction of their walk was this day towards Malvern, the hills were before them continually; and these fine objects, which, though not new, were ever charming to Mr. Dalben, suggested the subject of their discourse.

“My dear boy,” said Mr. Dalben, “look at those lovely mountains before us, with their shadowy vallies and sunny heights, adorned as they are here and there with groves of trees, which form so fair a contrast with the thymy downs which cover the upper parts of the hills. I never look upon these heights, though

accustomed to see them every day, without thinking of that glorious period of the earth when 'the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills, and people shall flow unto it; and many nations shall come and say, Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the Lord shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.' " Micah, iv. 1, 2.

" I know, Sir," replied Henry, " when that time will be—it will be the time of the millenium; that happy time when the Shepherd King will reign over all the earth."

" You never learnt any history, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; " but I mean very soon, the Lord permitting, to put some books into your hands on these subjects; but, before we begin to read, I will teach you the outline of history, which is very plain and simple, and may be taught in a very few words.

" The world is now nearly 6000 years old. Adam was the first man, and his children multiplied and peopled the whole earth in about 1600 years; but, during that time, they became so corrupt, that God sent a flood of water to de-

stroy all flesh, excepting eight persons, viz. Noah and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, with their wives: these were saved in an ark, which floated upon the water during the flood.

“After the flood, the earth was again peopled by the descendants of Noah; who, in the course of some centuries, spread themselves out into all the countries of the world; made themselves cities, and chose unto themselves kings and rulers; and most of them also made unto themselves gods of wood and of stone, and placed these images in temples, offering up to them prayers and sacrifice, and burnt incense.

“Now, amongst these nations and rulers of the earth,” continued Mr. Dalben, “four were appointed to rule successively over the rest, and the power and eminence of these kingdoms were foretold in prophecy. The first of these kingdoms was the Babylonian, or Assyrian; the second, the Persian; the third, the Grecian; and the fourth, the Roman: and all these were to reign and flourish a while, and finally to pass away; and in their place was to arise a fifth kingdom, which was to destroy all these, and to obtain the dominion of the whole earth.

“This last is the kingdom of Christ; and inasmuch as the first, second, and third kingdoms are gone, and the fourth is gradually losing its

power, we may now begin to look for the fifth great monarchy, or kingdom of Christ upon earth; and we ought to endeavour to fit ourselves for this kingdom, by leaving the fashions, and forsaking the modes of thinking, and the ways and customs which have hitherto prevailed among the great nations of the earth, which are now passing away.

“In England, it is true, we have learnt the folly and sin of worshipping idols: we do not now bow down to stocks and stones, nor address our prayers to vile images, which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk; but we retain many customs and ways of thinking which were prevalent amongst the wicked nations of the earth; and we love many things which the Lord abhors.

“You have no acquaintance amongst other little boys, Henry; but if I were obliged to send you to school, you would find that your companions would try to persuade you that many things are good, and right, and honourable, which the Bible teaches us we are not to do; and you would soon find out that these little boys must be entirely changed before they would be fit to play on the high hills of the millennium.”

“But, uncle, what would these little boys teach me?”

“Why, my dear Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “they would tell you that it is better to be rich than to be holy; and that it is better to be clever than to be good. They will also show you in their books, that those kings and generals who have loved fighting and cruelty are called glorious and great; and that those persons are much admired and esteemed in the world who have lived in gaudy palaces and worn rich garments. These little boys also make it their pleasure and sport to hurt little animals; and are anxious to grow up, in order that they may carry a gun, or pursue a poor hare or fox on horseback. Amongst these boys also there is much envy and ambition; every one is desirous to be greater, wiser, richer, and handsomer than his neighbour; and they speak boastingly of what they will do when they become men, and how many of the good things of this world they will enjoy.”

“But, uncle,” said Henry, “if people were to talk to these little boys, and tell them that the kingdom of our Lord is coming; and that, if we wish to belong to that kingdom, we must have other thoughts, perhaps they would be different.”

“I hope,” said Mr. Dalben, “that the time will soon come, my dear Henry, when parents and tutors will give their little boys more simple

and holy instruction than they now do; but I only tell you these things in order that you may not be surprised, when you go from me, to find that very few people are aware how soon the fashions of this world will pass away, and how soon the time will come when those things which men have hitherto called great, and fine, and noble, and grand, will be quite despised and forgotten."

By this time Henry and Mr. Dalben were arrived at a rabbit-warren, which at that time extended itself at the foot of the hills; and they saw many rabbits running across their way.

"O uncle! uncle!" said Henry, "there is a rabbit, and there is another, and another; see how they run! what numbers there are!"

"Of what class of animals are rabbits, Henry?" said Mr. Dalben; "are they of the class amphibia?"

"Oh! uncle, do not talk of amphibia," said Henry; "I do not love those creatures; I never much admired them; but I have liked them less since I fell into the brook, as I was coming from Mrs. Green's."

"But if you were silly then, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "the poor amphibia were not to blame."

"No, uncle," said Henry, "but rabbits are not amphibia."

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Because they live in dry places," said Henry, "and they have not naked bodies, but are covered with soft fur."

"Then, perhaps," said Mr. Dalben, "they are of the same class with caterpillars, because some caterpillars are covered with hair."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "why, they are quite different sorts of creatures."

"Well, then, what are they, Henry?"

"I do not know whether they feed their young ones with milk; but I think they are of the first class," returned the little boy.

"You are at length right," said Mr. Dalben; "rabbits are of the first class of animals. It is said that they originally came from Spain, although there are now such numbers in England. These little creatures live far beneath the ground, in holes which they make with great care; making beds for their young ones, which they cover with soft fur, plucked from their own breasts: they multiply so very fast, that if they were not sometimes killed, they would become quite a nuisance, and destroy all the green herbs of the field; but surely, Henry, we should rather lament the necessity of hurting them than take a pleasure in it; and I think that a humane and pious man would rather leave these unpleasant

offices to those whose business it is, and who are obliged to do this, or something perhaps to the same purpose, to get their bread, than make it his pleasure to perform these offices. I hope, my dear boy, when you become a man, you will never seek amusement in any thing by which the smallest creature may be pained.—And now let us again return to a view of Christ's kingdom upon earth. We are told, that when that happy period shall come to pass, even the ravenous beasts will lose their fierceness; and neither man nor beast shall hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord."

Whilst Mr. Dalben was still speaking, they heard a gun go off, and saw a gentleman walking across a remote part of the warren.

"There, uncle," said Henry, reddening with indignation, "do you hear that? I don't love that man, whoever he is."

"Do not speak in that way, my boy," returned Mr. Dalben. "I have brought you up in a dislike to these cruel sports, and I have given you my reasons why they ought to be avoided; but let us beware of condemning others who are not of our way of thinking; let us leave it to God to judge his creatures, Henry."

Mr. Dalben then walked on to a little cottage, which was in the centre of the warren, where

he had some business; and as they were returning, they saw a young white rabbit lying at the mouth of a hole. Henry went up to it; it attempted to rise, in order to run away, but fell again, its leg having been broken; perhaps by a shot from the same gun which they had heard a little time before; though how it had escaped the observation of the sportsman could not easily be ascertained.

“Oh! uncle,” said Henry, “its leg is broken, and it will die of hunger. Let me take it home, and nurse it, and feed it; pray do, uncle—I am very sorry for it—pray do.” And the little boy burst into tears.

After looking a moment at the rabbit, and seeing that it was not so much injured but that it might be recovered, Mr. Dalben gave his consent; and Henry, full of joy, ran back to the cottage to borrow a basket.

Henry soon returned with a basket, at the bottom of which the cottager had laid a little straw, and Mr. Dalben took up the poor little frightened creature and laid it gently in the basket, and thus it was carried to Mr. Dalben's house. When arrived there, Thomas bound up its leg, and assisted Henry to establish it in an empty chicken-pen which stood in the yard. After which he directed Henry what food to

bring it, for the rabbit was to be Henry's, and he was to have the sole charge of it.

And now, having settled the little white rabbit in his new abode, where it was secure from dogs and guns, I shall finish my chapter; which, I hope, has afforded you as much pleasure as those which have gone before.

CHAP. XV.

Containing several Particulars which have not been before related; with a serious Conversation between Mr. Dalben and Henry.

FOR some days after Henry had brought his little white rabbit home, he took the greatest pleasure in attending upon it, and had the satisfaction of seeing its wound get better, and its spirits recovered: it no longer expressed terror when the little boy came to feed it; but, on the contrary, would eat out of his hand, and seem almost inclined to play with him.

Henry thought he should never be tired of his rabbit, and should never forget it; but Mr. Dalben knew Henry better than the little boy did himself; and therefore he made it his frequent custom to say to him, when he came in to his meals, "Henry, have you remembered your rabbit?" He also gave a private order to Thomas to look to the poor creature, and see that it did not want any thing necessary to its comfort. It happened that, one day, Henry having seen a boy on Malvern Hill playing with a paper kite, he conceived a very strong desire to possess one, and having

made known his wish to his uncle, Mr. Dalben was so kind as to send for some paper and string, and other articles necessary for making a kite; and Thomas, who was very handy in these matters, was allowed to help the little boy to make it.

When Henry got his kite he was so very much pleased with it, that I believe, had he had his own way, he would have played with it from morning till night; but as it was, he went to it at every moment which he could snatch from his lessons, for several days successively; and I have no doubt but that, as he thought of it all day, he in like manner dreamt of it at night.

Mr. Dalben more than once reasoned with him on the subject, speaking to him to this effect: "Henry," he said, "I wish I could see more moderation in you. There is no harm in having a kite, and causing it to fly in the air over all our heads at proper times of the day, and when other duties are performed; but paper kites and balls of string are foolish things to think of from morning till night, and from night to morning. Beware, Henry, lest this silly fancy does not bring you to sin, by throwing you off your guard, and leading you from your God. It is always dangerous, my boy, to allow ourselves to be led

away by any kind of pursuit which has not the glory of God for its end and object."

Henry heard Mr. Dalben, and understood the tendency of what he said; but I am sorry to say, that when he got out again to his paper kite, the remembrance of his uncle's words flew away like the kite in the air, and there was no string to draw them back by.

It happened one morning, when this rage for flying kites was at its highest, Mr. Dalben said, as they were sitting down to breakfast, "Henry, have you remembered the rabbit this morning?"

"Oh, no! uncle," said Henry, blushing; "I have quite forgotten it."

"Well," said Mr. Dalben, "go immediately after breakfast; do not neglect it, I charge you."

At dinner, when Henry appeared again, Mr. Dalben made the same inquiry. Henry blushed, and hung down his head.

"You are greatly to blame, Henry," said Mr. Dalben. "You would have done better to have destroyed the little creature at once when you found it in the warren, than to keep it to perish with hunger in this place. Go, careless boy, feed your poor rabbit now; and, in order that you may be able to feel for the poor little

animal another time, I shall deprive you this day of your own dinner."

The tears came into Henry's eyes, but he walked out of the room without speaking.

I have no doubt but that Mr. Dalben felt very uneasy as he sat at dinner without his young companion; but he thought it better to use a little self-denial than to allow his adopted son to commit sin.

Henry did not return to his uucle till tea-time. When he had fed his rabbit he went into the garden, and walked about in the most retired parts of it, crying very bitterly, and thinking how cruel he had been to his poor little lame rabbit. I am also happy to say, that he humbled himself before God for this sin, and prayed earnestly for a better heart; neither did he touch his kite during the whole evening.

At tea-time Mr. Dalben sent for him. Mr. Dalben's tea-table was set in the bow-window, where the old gentleman used to love to sit in an evening to contemplate the beautiful hills which were seen towering above the trees of his garden.

Henry instantly obeyed his uncle's summons; and, as soon as he entered the parlour, ran up to him and begged his forgiveness. Mr. Dalben saw with pleasure that he had been crying; and hoping that he would not easily again fall into a

fault of the same kind, invited him to partake the refreshment of tea and bread and butter, of which the poor little boy stood much in need. When Henry was somewhat recruited, and had finished his meal, Mr. Dalben, putting out his hand to him, and drawing him up to his knees, said, "My dear little boy, I have corrected you to-day with some severity, but it was for your good. I wish you, my boy, to be not only a holy man, but also a holy child. If we are to be partakers of the glories of Christ's kingdom on earth, we must be fitted for it now: we must, in this present state of being, be converted to our God; we must be now in kind, though perhaps not in degree, what we shall be then. If, therefore, we are wise, we ought to study the characters of those who will form the subjects of our Lord's kingdom at that time; and we can best ascertain what these will be by studying the character of our Lord when on earth, and setting this before us as a pattern of life.

"I am sorry to say, that in the ordinary places of education appointed for little boys, other patterns are too often set before them, and books are placed in their hands in which those are praised who not only delighted in those foolish sports by which they tormented little animals, but frequently spent their whole lives in disturbing the

peace of their fellow-creatures, and spreading war and bloodshed in every direction. But these characters, Henry, have had their day, and their glory is passing away: and I hope the time is coming when little children will be taught that it is better to be holy, harmless, and undefiled, like the Son of God when on earth, than to be great, and rich, and daring, and powerful. It is this consideration, my dear Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "which induces me to take such pains (with the divine help) to render you tender and compassionate towards other creatures, and ready to give up your own pleasures and satisfactions for their sakes; and it was for this reason that I felt sorry to see you indulging yourself with so little moderation in the pleasure of flying your kite, and at the same time neglecting your little rabbit. I wish you to acquire that very rare quality of being steady and persevering when you do an act of kindness; and when you have begun to serve any poor creature, to carry on your kindness as long as that creature requires it, though it be to your own cost and damage. 'Ah, Henry, my boy! if our heavenly Father were as fickle and changeable in his works of love as we are with respect to our fellow-creatures, what would be our case? how could

we be supported? or how should we ever enjoy one moment's peace or confidence?"

Mr. Dalben then spoke to Henry, in language as plain as he could devise, of the unchangeable nature of God. "The Almighty God, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "is incapable of changing or altering his opinions, as we are. For it is written, 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' Isaiah, lv. 9.

"I remember the time, my dear boy, when you loved to play all day with little bits of deal brought from the carpenter's shop, and you knew no greater pleasure at that period. After that your chief delight was to drag a little wooden cart about the garden full of stones and earth. You then became fond of snail-shells, as Mrs. Kitty can witness, and filled every corner of the house with them. Afterwards the poor rabbit had his turn, and then the paper kite; and in measure, as you took up one favourite, you dropped and forgot the others. But now think, my dear Henry, if the Almighty God were like you, how could the worlds and all the creatures which are therein be supported? and how could poor, sinful, silly, little children, be kept from sin, and brought on step by step, from grace to grace, till they

are fit for glory? It is a great comfort, my dear boy, for us poor creatures to know that we have a Friend who never changes."

Mr. Dalben then repeated this beautiful verse:

"Hark, my soul, &c."

CHAP. XVI.

Containing an Account of the little Community called Bees; with a serious Lesson, which Mr. Dalben drew from their Example.

It happened one day, that Mr. Dalben having some business at the mill above mentioned, he breakfasted early, and allowing Henry to accompany him, walked down to the river. It was a cool evening for the time of year, which was the heat of summer, the sun being for the most part under clouds, and a late shower having settled the dust and refreshed the trees and herbs. When they arrived at the mill, Mr. Dalben having speedily finished his business, and wishing to proceed a little way up the river, in order to administer some relief to an old man, who was lying sick in a cottage situated about a mile and a half or two miles above, in a wood which is thereabouts, asked Henry if he could promise him to sit quite still if he took him with him in a boat, as the miller was so kind as to offer him one for the occasion, and a man to manage it. Henry promised very fairly, and accordingly

followed his uncle and the man, across a field at the back of the mill, where they found a little boat moored under the deep shade of certain lofty willow-trees, whose roots were bathed by the stream. The man presently unfastened this boat, and getting in himself, directed Mr. Dalben and Henry to step in after him. Mr. Dalben accordingly was going to lift Henry into the boat ; but the little boy, hearing the roar of an adjacent weir, and that of the mill-wheel not far off, began to utter loud shrieks and to draw back, saying, "Oh! uncle, uncle, I shall be drowned, I am sure that I shall be drowned."

Mr. Dalben was angry, and said, "Henry, cannot you trust in me? have I ever brought you into danger yet? If it was a little boy like yourself, who wished to tempt you into a boat, you would do well to draw back and be afraid; but when it is your friend and father who is leading and directing you, you are proving want of confidence and respect, by seeming to be afraid." Henry was ashamed, and ceasing to cry, he allowed Mr. Dalben to lift him into the boat, where placing him on a seat right before him, and directing him to sit quite still, and not to move if the boat rocked a little, Mr. Dalben placed himself at the helm, and the boatman began to shove off from the shore. In a few

minutes they were come out from under the shade of the trees, and were crossing into the main stream at the head of the weir, whose noise had terrified Henry so greatly: over this weir the water was rushing with considerable violence, foaming and dashing down beneath them into the lower part of the river. Henry began again to evidence fear, and to move about; on which Mr. Dalben spoke to him with some harshness: whereupon the little boy settled himself again on his seat, and remained trembling, till the boat entered into smooth water between two shores, scattered over with beautiful trees and bushy underwood. The roar of the weir, as also the rush of the mill-wheel, were now heard less distinctly, and the water resembled a polished mirror.

Henry recovering himself, began to try to laugh off his late fears. "Uncle," he said, "this is very pleasant. I am not the least afraid now; indeed, I was not much afraid before, only that weir made such a noise. I could not hear any thing that was said."

"You were not desired to hear what was said," returned Mr. Dalben; "you were only required to sit still; but we want no excuses, Henry: you have behaved like a very silly boy; and it is better for you to be sensible of your folly than

to pretend to make excuses which nobody believes."

Henry blushed and held down his head. "And now, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "I am going to speak to you upon a subject which every little boy should understand; the subject on which I am speaking is courage: do you know what courage is, Henry?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Yes, uncle; courage is not being afraid."

"I do not think that explanation will quite do," said Mr. Dalben; "because then a poor idiot, whom I once knew, who never could be taught that fire would burn or water drown, and who laughed heartily at a violent storm of thunder and lightning, might be called the most courageous person in the world: because he would take a lighted stick and dance about his mother's house with it in his hand, and would jump about on the brink of a deep well, do you think this person deserved to be called courageous?"

"No, uncle," said Henry.

"Well then," said Mr. Dalben, "we must have some other explanation of true courage than that of not being afraid: there are occasions, Henry, when the bravest man is, and ought to be, afraid. But true courage consists in two things; the first of which is, not being afraid where no danger

is; and the second is, the having such self-command as shall enable a person to do what is right and proper in cases of real difficulty and distress."

"But, uncle," said Henry, "little boys don't always know when there is real danger, and when there is no danger. You know, uncle, that children are very ignorant, and have not tried so many things as grown people."

"And therefore," returned Mr. Dalben, "because children are ignorant, kind parents have been given to them, and they are early taught to trust these parents, and they may be sure, that, unless they are very odd sort of parents, they will not lead them into danger; therefore it is a mark of want of confidence, and of a blameable degree of cowardice, when a child refuses to follow a kind father who calls him to attend him, whatsoever he may suppose the danger be which he is required to encounter: the fault you were guilty of to-day was want of confidence in me; which, after all you know of me, indicated a blameable degree of timidity."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I am very sorry; and if I might get up, I would come and beg your pardon."

"Well, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, "we have said enough on this subject for the present, and all is made up; and now let us enjoy

the prospect. Observe how gently the boat glides along the stream, whilst the scene changes every moment; what a variety of beautiful trees and bushes present themselves one after another to our view, and how quiet and retired these scenes are."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "the river is wider just before us, it looks like a large pool or lake, and what a deep shade the trees cast upon it!"

"Of what do these beautiful prospects lead you to think, my dear boy?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Of the times of the millennium, uncle," said Henry, "when streams shall break forth in the deserts. And now, uncle, I see between those trees a high bank at a little distance, nearly covered with woods, excepting just at the very top, and there is a green field at the very top, and a white horse feeding in that field: how beautiful that horse looks! how quietly it seems to feed! it reminds me of the picture you used to show me when I was a little boy, the picture of the horse feeding whilst the lion lay by his side. Why, uncle, every thing I see here reminds me of some pleasant thing you have taught me about Christ's kingdom upon earth."

"How pleasant it is," said Mr. Dalben, "to have such a happy time as that to look forward

to, my boy. Some little boys are so unfortunate as never to have heard of the glory of Christ's kingdom on earth, and such have not half the pleasure in looking upon beautiful scenes as you have."

By this time they were come in sight of a large hollow oak-tree growing upon the edge of the water. "Oh! uncle," said Henry, "what a curious tree! I should like to go on shore and see that tree."

"Well, Sir," said the man who rowed the boat, "if your uncle has no objection, we will draw up to the bank, and you shall get out and see that tree."

Accordingly the boat was turned to the shore, and they all got out. The tree was quite hollow, and the inside of the trunk decayed, although the branches were flourishing and looked green and fresh. "Oh! uncle," said Henry, putting his head through a hole in the side of the trunk, "what a large place there is in the inside! I should like to get in."

"No, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "you must not get in, because you would probably be covered with dust and mould; but you may, if you please, put your head through the hole on the side of the tree, and look in."

Henry availed himself of his uncle's permis-

sion, and looking up towards the head of the tree he suddenly drew back exclaiming, "Oh! uncle, I see some frightful black things hanging by their claws upon the sides and tops of the hollow."

Mr. Dalben smiled, and said, "I suppose you are now glad, Henry, that you followed my advice, and did not get your whole body into the tree. But do you know what those creatures are which have caused you so much fear?"

"I reckon," said the miller's man, "that what little master has seen are the bats, which often hide themselves in the trunks of hollow trees. About dusk I have seen many of these creatures flying about this place."

"Bats!" repeated Henry, peeping again into the tree; "I never saw a bat very near, though I have seen them in the dusk flying about, and flapping their wings against every thing which came in their way, as if they could not see before them."

"Don't disturb them, master," said the man, "otherwise they will, perhaps, come out of their hole now, and flap themselves in your face; and I am thinking that you would be running into the water to get free of them."

"You have not much opinion of Henry's courage, my friend," said Mr. Dalben.

The man smiled, and Henry looked a little ashamed; however, Mr. Dalben bade the little boy leave the tree; and taking him by the hand, he put him again into the boat, as they had not yet reached the spot to which they were bound.

“Uncle,” said Henry, “what are bats? Are they birds or beasts?”

“They are something between both,” replied Mr. Dalben; “but they are of the first class; there are twenty-five different sorts of these animals in various parts of the world; four of which are found in England.

“In the East Indies,” continued Mr. Dalben, “and the west of Africa, there is a kind of this creature named the Vampire Bat, so called because it is said to suck blood; it is a very ugly creature; the length of its body is about eight inches, the extent of the wings about three feet, and each wing is provided with a strong claw, by which it hangs to the branches of trees. Some of these creatures grow to an enormous size. In the East Indies bats are found living in the roofs of inhabited houses in immense numbers; and at dusk these creatures issue out from their holes; and being dazzled by the lamps and chandeliers, which are commonly lighted at that time, render themselves extremely annoying to every person in the house. I knew a lady once,” proceeded

Mr. Dalben, "who being ill and confined to her bed, saw one of the largest of these creatures, whose long ears resembled horns, sitting on the head of her bed."

"Oh!" said Henry, "how frightened she must have been!"

"No," said Mr. Dalben, "she was not frightened, though she took measures, you may be sure, to get rid of this dismal-looking visitor. But," continued Mr. Dalben, "the bats in England are not so sociable as they are in India. They generally reside in hollow trees, barns, and towers of churches, and old ruins and castles; and indeed, in most other countries, such are their chief abodes; and this will help us to understand these words of the prophet, who foretells a time when 'the idolaters of the earth shall cast their idols of silver and their idols of gold, which they made each for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats.' Isaiah, ii. 20."

"Oh!" said Henry, "no doubt that will be when the Lord is King over all the earth. How curious it is, uncle! every thing we see reminds us of that happy period."

By this time the boat had made a little turn, and they were come in sight of a very old cottage, standing in a garden about a hundred paces from the river, and shaded on the back ground by a

number of high trees. At the same moment that they saw the cottage their ears were saluted with a tinkling sound like that of a bunch of keys rattling against a brass pan.

“As sure as I am here,” said the miller’s man, “Betty Hodges’s bees are playing. Come, Sir, let us make haste; mayhap master never saw bees hived; and it’s a wonderful curious sight.” So the man pushed towards the bank, and they all got out of the boat.

“Bees playing, uncle,” said Henry, as he walked towards the cottage, “what is that? what does it mean?”

“You shall see, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben; “make haste, and I will explain it all to you by and by.”

Mr. Dalben, and Henry, and the miller, made the best of their way towards the cottage, being regaled as they went along by the merry tinkling of the keys against the frying-pan.

When they approached the cottage, which, as I before observed, was not far from the river, they perceived that every individual of the family, consisting of an old grandmother, a daughter, and five or six young children, were collected in the garden, where there were several bee-hives. The garden was full of bees, who were, as the miller said, playing about in all directions, and

filling the air with their murmurs, which, added to the tinkling of the keys, rendered it difficult to hear a word that was said.

When Mr. Dalben approached the little garden-wicket, he made Henry stand still, directing him to observe what was passing, and not to be alarmed if the bees approached him and buzzed in his ears.

The miller in the mean time had advanced into the garden, having offered his services to hive the bees as soon as they settled.

In a short time, Mr. Dalben pointed out to Henry that the bees, which had but just now been scattered all over the garden, were settling on a bough of an apple-tree, on which they presently were so thickly collected, that they formed a cluster nearly as large as a man's head, but more in the shape of a cone. Henry and Mr. Dalben now entered the garden, where, near to where the bees were collected, the old woman had placed a little round table, on which she had spread a large white cloth. She now produced a new hive which had been rubbed within with the leaves of the nut-tree, and placed upon the white cloth two cross sticks.

“What is all that for?” said Henry.

“You will soon see,” said Mr. Dalben.

The miller then took the new hive, and

putting it under the cluster of bees, he shook the bees into it, and placing it on the table, nearly covered it with the cloth, leaving the little entrance to the hive only open.

“There,” said the man, when he had performed this exploit, “now for a bunch of stinging-hettles, and all will be right.”

“Hettles!” said Henry, “what are those?”

“What! don’t you know what hettles are, master?” said the man, laughing; “where have you lived till now?”

“We call them nettles,” said Mr. Dalben smiling, “but one word is as good as another for our purpose; and now, take notice, Henry, what is to be done with these nettles.”

Henry looked, and he observed, that the miller, when the nettles were brought to him, placed them on the bough where the bees had settled, and where some of them were collecting again.

“What is that for?” said Henry.

“To prevent the bees from leaving the hive, and returning again to the tree,” said Mr. Dalben.

By this time the cottager had given the miller a cup of cider; and Mr. Dalben having wished her good luck with her bees, they returned to their boat, having a little farther to go; and as they went along, Mr. Dalben entered into some

explanation of what they had seen ; and first he began by asking Henry to tell him the class to which bees belong. Henry replied, "The fifth class, uncle, because they are insects."

"There are several kinds of bees," said Mr. Dalben ; "viz. the common bee, the wood bee, the mason bee, and the ground bee : the common bee is the kind of bee of which I shall especially speak in this place. These are the bees which we see in hives, and in every hive there are three sorts of bees. The first of these are the labouring bee, of which the greater part of the family is composed ; their chief employment consists in supplying the young ones with food : these are the bees which you see gathering honey among the wild flowers of the fields and in the gaudy parterres of our gardens. The second sort are termed drones, because they are idle and useless ; and the third sort, which are the largest, are the queens : there is a queen in every hive, and she is the mother of the hive. The common working bee has a trunk, which serves to extract the honey from the flowers : it is likewise furnished with teeth for the purpose of making wax, which is also gathered from flowers. The bees in their hives are governed by laws which are exceedingly curious, and which you will have great delight in studying when you are a little

older. When a hive becomes overstocked with inhabitants, which happens every year, a part of the young brood choose themselves a queen, and take flight to find another habitation, as you saw them to-day. Wherever their new queen settles they follow her, and there fix themselves; and the country people always suppose that the queen will settle sooner when she hears any tinkling sound. And now, my dear Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "now that I have given you this short history of bees, tell me, my boy, if there is any essential lesson we may learn from them?"

Henry hesitated.

"Have I not told you," said Mr. Dalben, "how attached they are to their head or queen? how they follow her every where? how they fight for her, and protect her? and when deprived of her, how they scatter themselves abroad, and become as sheep without a shepherd?"

"From these little creatures we may learn what our conduct should be with regard to our spiritual Head; how closely should we adhere to him; how perpetually should we rally round his standard; how continually should we pursue his steps, and watch the leadings of his Holy Spirit.

"The book of Nature, my dear Henry, is full of holy lessons, ever new and ever varied; and to learn to discover these lessons should be

the work of a good education; for there are many persons who are exceedingly wise and clever in worldly matters, and yet with respect to spiritual things are wholly blind and dark, and are as unable to look on divine light as the bats and moles to contemplate the glory of the sun's rays at mid-day."

By this time the boat was arrived in the neighbourhood of the little cottage, whither Mr. Dalben wished to go; and as nothing particular happened from that time till their return home, I shall in this place finish my chapter, hoping in a short time to commence another, which I trust may be as pleasing to you as this last.

CHAP. XVII.

The Arrival of Mr. Nash, and a Visit to Southstones Rock.

A FEW days after the little voyage up the Teme, an old clergyman of the name of Nash came to see Mr. Dalben; and as he had been born in the Vale of Teme, though he had passed the greater part of his life at a small living which he held in Staffordshire, Mr. Dalben felt desirous that he should pay a visit to his native place, whilst he remained in the country.

Mr. Nash was a specimen of one of those old-fashioned clergymen whom we now seldom see. He wore a large white bushy wig, a clerical hat fastened up at the two sides, and a flap down before, a complete black suit of clothes, large worsted stockings pulled over his knees when he was taking a journey, and a plaited cambric stock, to which, when exposed to the air, he added a dark blue silk handkerchief. He was a truly pious Christian; but because he used very obsolete language when preaching, and had a provincial dialect, his sermons, though excellent with regard to doctrine, were little

understood and little thought of in the world, though his poor parishioners were very fond of him ; for he might truly be called the poor man's friend. He travelled in an old-fashioned one-horse chaise, which he had possessed for many years ; and having lately sent it to be repaired to a common wheelwright's, it had been painted a bright blue, which added not a little to the singularity of its appearance.

Now, though Mr. Dalben was in himself an exceedingly polite and elegantly mannered man, yet he loved and respected Mr. Nash, and would have been glad to see him had' he come in a wheelbarrow. And Henry Milner, who had not been taught to value people by their appearance, but to inquire whether they loved God or not, was not a little delighted when he saw Mr. Nash's blue one-horse chaise drive up to the door.

" As soon as your horse is rested from his journey, my old friend," said Mr. Dalben to Mr. Nash, as they were sitting at dinner the day after his arrival, " we will go to see your native place, and the house in which you were born, which is, I imagine, about eight miles from hence."

" With all my heart," said Mr. Nash ; " and if not unpleasant to you, let us go forward to

see Southstones Hermitage, which is a few miles further on."

"And may I go, uncle?" said Henry Milner.

"If Mr. Nash's chaise will hold us all, my boy, you certainly shall," said Mr. Dalben.

"To be sure it will," added Mr. Nash, "and two or three more such. And as Shandy is quite recovered to-day, let us take him by the forelock and set out to-morrow; that is, if all is well."

Now how shall I describe the joy of little Henry Milner when he heard of this pleasant scheme? As soon as dinner was over, he ran out to tell Mrs. Kitty and Sally, and even walked into the stable to see whether Shandy was in perfect health and spirits. At length the happy morning came, and the good old gentlemen set out in the one-horse chaise with Henry seated between them on a stool which Mrs. Kitty had provided.

Mr. Dalben and Mr. Nash were engaged in very serious conversation till they had passed a bridge over the Teme, in their near neighbourhood, and were come into that part of the country on the other side of the river, which had been well known to Mr. Nash.

"Why now," said the old gentleman, "now I see all these trees, and little hills, and fields,

and hedges, I feel myself almost young again. Look at that clump of firs, Master Henry; many is the time that I have seen that clump when my poor father used to bring me with him to Worcester. And I remember once walking as far as this place one frosty morning with the dear old gentleman, in our way to a farm-house on the other side of the hill."

"Where is the farm-house, Sir?" said Henry.

"You may just see the top of the chimney peeping over the hill," said Mr. Nash. "Ah! there it is. I see the old bricks; the very same that were in my time, no doubt."

Presently they came in view of a house at the end of an avenue, which appeared to have been built within the last forty years.

"There," said Mr. Nash, pointing down the avenue, "I remember that house being built; and I remember still better the house that was there before it. It was a very old brick house; and was built, they say, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and was burnt down to the very ground when I was a boy. I can tell you a curious story which happened at the time it was burnt. The house was in possession of a widow lady, who had one son, a lad about my age. This boy was one day playing by a pond in the garden, and he fell in, and would surely have

been drowned, had not a fine Newfoundland dog, which was in possession of his mother, jumped into the water, and brought him safe to shore. You may be sure this dog was a great favourite in the family ever after.

“ It happened when I was about eleven years old, that this house was set on fire by the carelessness of a servant; and the building being full of timber, which was old and dry, the flames raged so violently, that it was impossible to stop their progress. At the sight of the flames the country people came from miles distant; and among the rest I followed my father, who was anxious to give what assistance lay in his power. But by the time we had reached the place the roof of the house had fallen in, and a spectacle of extreme distress presented itself to our view. The fire, notwithstanding the pains which had been taken to prevent it, had communicated to the stable, in which the poor dog had been fastened by a chain, and in the confusion and uproar had been forgotten, till it was impossible to go to his relief, excepting at the extreme hazard of life. When I and my father came up, the crowd were gathered opposite the stable; from the upper windows of which the flames and smoke were bounding forth with inexpressible fury. The poor dog, who was confined in a

room below, and who was fully sensible of his danger, filled the air with his cries, making every effort in his power to break his chain, but in vain. In the mean time the servants of the farmhouse were using absolute force to detain Edward the farmer's son, who had made several efforts to go to the assistance of his dog, although at the hazard of his life ; his agonies and cries were, however, not less pathetic than those of the poor animal. And the old lady herself seemed more touched with the situation of the dog than with all her other misfortunes.

“ In the mean time the fire mounted even to the heavens, and the sparks seemed to mingle themselves with the very clouds, whilst the crackling beams, the waving flames, and falling tiles, resounded to a great distance. At length the flames reached the very room in which the poor dog was confined ; and the agonies of Edward were wrought up to the highest pitch. ‘O my dog, my Cæsar !’ cried the poor boy ; ‘O my Cæsar !’

“ For a moment the cries of the dog were more dreadful than ever : a terrible crash ensued ; the floor of the loft above the room where he had been confined, had fallen in ; and those who loved Cæsar were indulging the last sad hope, that his death might be speedy, and his sufferings

short, when suddenly the dog appeared, making his way through the flames, which burst from the open door ; and, though singed and scorched, no otherwise hurt ; but springing towards his master, exhibited the wildest testimonies of delight. The chain by which he had been held had been broken some days before, as it was afterwards remembered, and the links united by a piece of rope, the knots of which had remained firm until the flames had reached the poor dog, and by burning the cord had set him free. And now," said Mr. Nash, "how shall I describe the joy of Edward? It was quite affecting to witness it. I should never forget it were I to live a thousand years. He hugged his dog in his arms, he kissed him, he congratulated him, as if he could have understood every word he said ; and the poor animal, in return, testified his delight by every expression of joy of which a dumb creature is capable."

"Oh!" said Henry Milner, "I am so glad that Cæsar was saved. I really expected that he would never escape ; did he live many years after that time?"

"Yes," said Mr. Nash. "He lived, I think, ten years after that ; and I am told that Edward never would suffer him to sleep out of his own room, or to be chained up again."

By this time they had left the farm-house far behind them, and were descending into a lovely part of the valley of the Teme, where they soon stopped at the door of an old house, in which Mr. Nash had been born. There they were kindly received and regaled with beans and bacon, and fruit-pie; after which they proceeded to a curious place in the neighbourhood called Southstones Rock, where a venerable couple, formerly known to Mr. Nash, resided in a little cottage on the top of the rock.

Southstones Rock is situated in a narrow valley not very distant from the Teme. This valley on either side is enriched with orchards, beyond which, to the right and left, the heights are crowned with coppices and forest trees; the rock closes the valley, standing forth in a manner so bold and so abrupt, and forming such a contrast with the green and flourishing sides of the valley, as could not fail to excite the wonder and admiration of every stranger. On the summit of this rock stood the old cottage of John and Mary Garmeson, and their fertile and flowery garden was situated on its irregular heights.

A clear and exceedingly cold spring, which had the power of petrifying every thing which lay in its channel, ran from the heights above the

rock ; and passing by the door of the cottage, came tumbling down into the vale beneath.

In elder days it is said that a hermit dwelt in this rock, and Mr. Dalben showed Henry the remains of this hermitage scooped out of the rock ; also a little apartment, supposed to have been his chapel, and a winding way cut in the rock, by which the old man could ascend to its summit, where was probably his garden.

Henry was much pleased with this hermitage, and asked many questions about the hermit, which neither Mr. Dalben nor Mr. Nash could answer.

“ Was he an old man, uncle ? ” said Henry ; “ and did he worship idols ? And what was his name ? ”

“ Indeed, my dear boy, I cannot answer these questions, from knowledge,” said Mr. Dalben ; “ but you may picture the old gentleman to yourself, in a gray suit of clothes, with a long white beard and a bald head ; and we will suppose that he was a Roman Catholic, which was most probable ; and fancy that he had a large crucifix in his grotto, and a cross suspended from his neck, and a string of beads hanging from his girdle. But now come, my boy, let us hasten up to the good old people at the top of the rock.”

It was a lovely little cottage in which Mr. Nash's old friends resided, and the good couple were delighted to see their visitors. Mrs. Garmeson, though dressed in the humblest manner, had such manners as showed that she had seen better days, and uttered such sentiments as proved her to be a Christian. She insisted that the gentlemen should sit down and have some tea; and Henry was very much delighted to see the preparations she made for this repast. He followed her to the brook, whither she went to fill her kettle, and to her dairy to skim her cream, for she kept two cows; and when she put her little white loaf and pat of butter on the table, he thought he had never seen any thing before that looked so good.

"Pray, Ma'am," said he, whilst thus following her about, "do you remember the hermit?"

"What hermit, master?" said Mrs. Garmeson.

"The hermit, Ma'am," said Henry, "who lived in this rock."

"I am very old to be sure, master," said Mrs. Garmeson, "but not quite so old as that neither; but if you will follow me, I will show you a chair which was said to be his."

"Oh! pray do, Ma'am," said Henry.

The old lady then took him up a narrow staircase into a very neat little bed-room, where

stood a worm-eaten oak chair, much larger and higher than those in common use; it was carved and adorned with many old-fashioned figures, among which was still discernible the figure of a bishop with his mitre and pastoral staff leading a procession, and being followed by a number of monks in their gowns and hoods.

"I cannot pretend to say," said Mrs. Garmeson, "that this was really the hermit's chair; but, at any rate, it is a very old chair; and many strangers have come here to see it."

"What a great man the hermit must have been!" said Henry, seating himself in the chair: "I did not think he was so large."

"Now come, my little master," said Mrs. Garmeson; "the water boils by this time; and I dare say you are ready for your tea."

"Indeed I am," said Henry; "I never was so hungry in my life, I think."

The little party then sat down to tea, and Mr. Nash asked the old people many questions about such of the neighbouring families as he remembered.

"When I was a little boy," said Mr. Nash, "my father and mother used often to bring me and my brother to drink tea in this place. Your father, you know, then lived here, John Garme-

son; and it was the greatest treat we could have to visit Southstones Rock."

"Ah! Sir," said John, "I remember those times well; but what is become of the dear young gentleman, your brother?"

"He has been long dead, John," returned Mr. Nash: "after my poor parents' death, he entered into the army, and went to the East Indies, where he died almost as soon as he landed, having been very ill at sea. I had one letter from him from on board ship, and in that letter he said, 'I have been long ill; I have had a violent fever; and when confined in my cabin, I thought of the green fields and fragrant woods and gardens of the happy island which gave me birth. The bleating of the poor sheep confined in the vessel suggested to me many ideas of thymy pastures and breezy downs, which added to my anguish; inasmuch as I felt myself for ever separated from these lovely scenes. And when parched with an unquenchable thirst, I felt that one draught, only one draught, of the water of Southstones Rock would have restored me to health. But I now thank God,' he added," continued Mr. Nash, "'that these longings after my native plains, and this thirst for the water which perishes, have now subsided, other desires having, by the divine blessing, been suggested; and I now am

brought earnestly to seek for the water only which he that drinks shall never thirst again ; and, with the Patriarch Abraham, to desire a better country, even an heavenly one.’”

“ Very sweet and affecting indeed,” said Mrs. Garmeson, wiping her eyes ; “ and I hope and trust that that dear young gentleman has long since found that better country which he so eagerly sought.”

In such discourse as this did the little party pass the remainder of their time till it was necessary for them to take leave ; when Mr. Nash having presented the good old couple with a handsome old Bible, which he had brought expressly for them, they departed. Henry and the old gentleman having walked to a little public house, where they had left their carriage, they seated themselves once again in the blue one-horse chaise, and arrived safely at home about nine o'clock in the evening.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Grotto, Grasses, and Mosses.

Mr. Nash did not remain long at Mr. Dalben's after this visit to Southstones Rock ; and as soon as he was gone, Henry began to consult his uncle about a plan which had occupied him ever since his visit to the old hermitage.

"Uncle," said Henry, "I want to make a grotto, and a hermitage, and a hermit, and an old chair."

"An old chair !" said Mr. Dalben ; "you will find some difficulty in making an old chair."

"Yes, uncle," said Henry, "I think it will be difficult ; but I was thinking of asking the carpenter to help me. If he would make the chair, you know I could draw the picture of the bishop upon it, and that will do as well as if the people were cut in wood."

"As to making an old chair, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "there is not a workman in England could do it."

"Dear uncle, why?" said Henry.

"Because," said Mr. Dalben, "in whatever

fashion a man were to make a chair, it would be a new chair when it came out of his hands, and not an old one."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "I understand you; "now you are joking with me. But I don't mean that I want to make an old chair, but a chair that looks like an old one."

"But what size do you mean to make your hermitage, and your hermit, and your old chair?"

"Oh! very little," said Henry, "so little, that I may put them on my shelf when they are done."

"Well," said Mr. Dalben, "then I will tell you what you must do. You must first get a small flat board, and some strong cement, such as glue or gum; and I will give you some of the petrifications which I brought from Southstones Rock; and you must fix them at one end of your board, in the shape you like best, but in such a manner as to form a hollow or cave for your hermit; and these must be strongly fixed in their places; and you may then get some pretty shells and bits of coloured glass, if you please, to adorn your rock and your hermitage."

"But what must I do for grass, uncle, and trees? I could put little branches of trees, to be sure; but then they would so soon die."

"You must get some moss for this purpose,

Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "and I will go out with you this evening to look for moss; and we will at the same time take a walk to the carpenter's to get you a board, and to speak about your chair. You know that it must be a very little chair to be in proportion to your hermitage; and we must ask Kitty if she could not make you a hermit."

In the evening of this same day Mr. Dalben and Henry set out on their walk. There was in the village, near their house, a common wheelwright and carpenter of a coarse kind; but as this man did not quite suit their purpose, Mr. Dalben proposed that they should extend their walk to a more distant village, where there was a kind of cabinet-maker, who had a son, a very ingenious boy, who Mr. Dalben thought would be the very person to make Henry's chair.

Their way lay through the very wood where were the ruins of Jenny Crawley's cottage, though in another direction from these interesting ruins.

"In this wood," said Mr. Dalben, "we may hope to find some mosses. Do you recollect, my dear boy, when we went to visit Mr. Baring the gardener, that we had a good deal of conversation on the nature of plants, and that I then told you that all plants are arranged into twenty-four classes, the names of which I have not yet taught

you? Mosses are of the twentieth class ; which may be distinguished from every other by their seed-vessels, and the parts which produce fruit, being so small, as to be almost invisible.

“ The month of February is the time when the various species of mosses are in their full bloom, bearing their flowers and fruit at the same time. These little vegetables are infinitely beautiful and various, some of them growing in moist meadows and bogs ; some on hills, some among copses and woods, and in dark and shadowy situations ; some by the channels of brooks, or on the trunks of trees ; or on rocks of granite, or sides of ponds : and inasmuch as the situations of these mosses are various, so also are their shapes and appearances ; some of them being extremely minute and delicate, others branched like little trees ; some being brown and unseemly, others of a bright and rich green ; some yellow, and others almost of a peach colour. But small and overlooked as this species of plants frequently are, the Almighty has so ordered all things, that their uses are by no means inconsiderable. They protect the roots of the most tender plants when they begin to expand in spring. Hence we often see the wood-anemone, the snowdrop, the wood-vetch, and other lovely flowers of the forest, springing up amongst beds

of moss, and rising up above their more lowly neighbours, as the palm-tree of the south towers high above the humbler trees of the encircling forest.

“ In the spring,” continued Mr. Dalben, “ when the sun has much power by day and the frosts by night, the roots of young trees, would be liable to be thrown out of the ground and killed, if it were not for this warm covering supplied to them by the moss which grows over their roots. These mosses also provide a place of habitation for innumerable little worms and insects, some of which are so inconceivably minute as not to be seen without the finest magnifying glasses; but all these creatures are wonderfully formed, and fitted for their various situations in life; and not one of them perishes without the knowledge of its Creator.”

Mr. Dalben took this occasion to speak to Henry on the omniscience of God. “ We are so formed, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “ that we can only attend to one thing at a time, and ill-taught people often find it very difficult to pay attention even to any one object in a regular steady manner for the shortest possible period; but the Almighty God possesses the quality, or, as it is generally called, the attribute of omniscience; whereby he knows and sees at one and

the same moment every thing which has been done, which will be done, and which is now doing, by every creature which ever was, is, or will be, from the beginning to the end of time, and through all the endless circles of eternity. Thus the Almighty is as intimately acquainted with the smallest insect which inhabits these woods, as with the motions of the largest star in the firmament, and knows as well the secret thoughts of your heart as the revolutions of empires and the downfall of worlds."

Henry was silent for a moment, and then said, "Uncle, how wonderful! I cannot understand it: the more I think about God, the more I am surprised; and I cannot help reflecting what poor creatures we are when compared to him."

"And when we think, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "what this great God has condescended to do for such poor insignificant and sinful creatures as we are, it raises our wonder still higher. When we consider, that in order to save us from eternal death, God came down from heaven, took our nature upon him, and endured a disgraceful and painful death, in order to save us from everlasting misery; we ought to put no bounds to our gratitude, but to be continually lifting up our hearts in prayer and praise to him."

"But, uncle," said Henry, "there is something about me, I do not know what it is, which makes me at times forget all the kindness of God towards me. I often think of your goodness to me, and Mrs. Kitty's; and I was thankful to Mr. Nash for his kindness in taking me to see Southstones Rock; but I have very seldom the same feeling of thankfulness towards God; and I often am tired of my Bible and my prayers; and almost hate to think of religion."

"This shows, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "the power of sin over your heart. Sin works in the mind of little children, by inducing them to love idleness, rather than any kind of employment, and to prefer the smallest self-indulgence to the service of their God."

Mr. Dalben then told Henry to stop; and, having pointed out to him where he might get some very beautiful mosses of different kinds, they began to busy themselves in filling a little basket which they had brought for the purpose. After having supplied themselves with as much as Mr. Dalben thought necessary for their purpose, they proceeded in their walk; and having come to the end of the wood, they found themselves at the entrance of a neat village; through which they made their way to a carpenter's shop, which Mr. Dalben knew where to find.

Mr. Dalben soon procured a board about two feet square, which he selected for Henry, and gave to the little boy to carry home. After which he made known to the carpenter's son, a lad about thirteen years of age, Henry's wishes respecting the chair; and as the boy undertook to execute his orders, and to make him not only a chair, but a table for his hermit, Henry prepared to follow his uncle home again with the utmost glee. The sun was setting whilst they were talking to the carpenter, and had dipped his golden disk behind the western horizon, before the affair of the chair was completely settled.

"We are late, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, on perceiving this; "we must make the best of our way home; so come, my boy, take up your board and follow me."

Accordingly Mr. Dalben and Henry made haste from the village; but when they entered into the wood, they found the path more obscure than they had expected, and every moment it became darker.

"Never fear, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, in reply to some little expression of dread uttered by his companion, at the increasing darkness; "the way is straight as an arrow. I am perfectly well acquainted with it; and though we were to remain here all night, there is no fear of wolves

or other wild beasts in this happy country. So take my hand, and make yourself quite easy."

Mr. Dalben and Henry walked on for some minutes in silence; and in the mean time they were regaled by many of those rural sounds which are heard only in situations of deep retirement. Amongst these we may count the rustling of the evening breeze among the leaves of the surrounding trees, the murmur of a distant waterfall, the hootings of an owl from some old tree, and the chirping of the crickets among the dry leaves.

"Uncle," said Henry, "I am thinking of the hermit: these are the kind of sounds which he used to hear when he sat in the mouth of his grotto in a summer evening. I think I should like to be a hermit when I am an old man, and to live in a wood."

"It would be very well," said Mr. Dalben, "if you could always be sure of such nights as this, which is neither hot nor cold, but precisely of such a temperature as one would wish; but what, Henry, would you think of a hermitage in the midst of January, when the snow is on the ground, and the cold north wind blowing through the leafless trees?"

"Oh! I did not think of that, uncle," said Henry; "to be sure, in winter, it would be no

very pleasant thing to live in a hermitage, and be exposed to severe cold. But tell me, uncle, what did people make themselves hermits for?"

"My dear little boy," said Mr. Dalben, "it is not very easy to make you understand the reasons which people have had, from time to time, for endeavouring to make out their own righteousness rather than to obtain the righteousness of Christ. You have often read in your Bible the account of the fall of man: had our first parents and their offspring never committed sin, they would never have known sorrow, and would have been spared all the difficulties with which we are now surrounded. But as soon as man had committed sin, God revealed his will to him, and pointed out, at first darkly, but afterwards more and more fully, that blessed Redeemer, and that holy way, by following which we shall be made everlastingly happy. The Bible is that book, my dear boy, which shows the whole will of God, and all wisdom consists in holding fast to that Bible. The Bible teaches every one his duty. It points out to little children that they must obey their parents and instructors, and look up to their Saviour for direction: it teaches grown people their duty; wives and husbands, and parents and masters, and servants and kings, and poor people, all may learn their duty from the Bible; and they

may learn more; they may there find out where strength will be given them, in order to help them to behave well. But to return to the hermit: there are, and have been, in every time a number of persons who think themselves wiser than God; and, instead of following closely the commands given by Scripture, are for making out ways and schemes of their own for getting to heaven. With this view, some have shut themselves up in hermitages and monasteries, renouncing that state of life in which it pleased God to place them, and the duties attendant on that situation, in order to work out their own salvation in their own way. Others have maintained, that the Bible should not be too closely followed, and that the simplicity of the Christian life is not what is really required of God. But, my dear boy, I earnestly pray," continued Mr. Dalben, "that you may be persuaded to take your Bible for your guide, and that you will have grace given you to follow the Lamb whithersoever he may lead you."

In this manner Mr. Dalben and Henry conversed as they walked through the wood, where it became darker every minute; but at length coming to the end of the wood, and entering on an open field, the light of the moon and stars seemed almost to shed upon them, who had been

for some time in almost total darkness, a glory equal to the perfect day."

"Oh!" said Henry, "how sweet and pleasant is light after darkness!"

"It is indeed, my boy," said Mr. Dalben. "Darkness is not agreeable to man; and when involved in it, he never ceases to desire the light. Hence darkness is compared to that state in which man is by nature, and in, which he must ever remain, unless his mind is enlightened by the power of the Holy Spirit of God.

"When you were in the wood, my dear little boy, you could not see the path before you; you could not distinguish the trunk of a tree from a projection of the bank; you could not avoid a stone or clod of earth which happened to be in your way. So it is with the natural man, the man in his state of darkness; he knows not good from evil, right from wrong, or the way in which he ought to go; and if left in this state, he must unavoidably perish: but when light shines on him from above, then he becomes, as it were, a new creature, his eyes are opened, and he is enabled to discern what dangers to avoid, and what benefits to pursue."

"Uncle," said Henry, as he drew near their house, "we have had a very pleasant walk."

“ And I trust that we shall have many more such, my dear boy,” said Mr. Dalben, “ if the Lord prolong our lives.”

So saying, they entered the house ; and I conclude my chapter, hoping at a future time to give some farther account of Mr. Dalben and his adopted son.

THE END OF PART I.



